

President Bushy assassinated while nuclear fallout rains on New York - see insignificant p. 27

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WEATHER

Shitty with periods
of crappy



THE
EDMONTON

SCUM

Tonight!

**TONY KARPOW:
MAN OR MYTH?
8 P.M.**

your surreal choice!



DEWEY'S

VOL. 81, NO.50

April, daily unpaid
circ., Tues. and Thurs. 13,000

THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1992

NOT ENOUGH CENTS

Even more free
outside metro area **20 PAGES**

ICE CREAMED

SURE SIGN OF SPRING

The Butterdome claimed its first victim of the year when this unsuspecting passerby failed to heed warnings posted around the complex. See story inside.



inside

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weather

3 DAY EDMONTON FORECAST

Weather Map
not in this issue!

TODAY



Purple haze

DOOMSDAY



Nuclear war

TOMORROW



Smells bad

daily what?:



Hundreds of years ago, our first Prime Minister was a big drunk. Another one believed in demons! What a funny land!

SUNlines

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION
NEWS WE FIND
PRODUCTION'S BABES
SPORTS/RESTAURANT GOERS
POLAROID CREW

ph.PER-SONL
ph.NOO-000Z
ph.HEY-BABE
ph.STE-RIKE
ph.FLA-SHME

UNBELIEVABLE CARNAGE

House party crashed!



CPR Laserphoto

Incredible destruction at the site of Edmonton's worst ever joint plane-train crash. INSET: Brown looks on in anguish.

By JEFF HARDON and TIM SEINFELD
Staff Writers

The forty-nine Edmonton residents who were killed yesterday in a freak accident didn't welcome their unexpected guests with open arms.

Wayne Diceman, the sole survivor of the incident, said the 1880 vintage locomotive that plowed through an inner city rooming house, and the Hercules cargo plane that crashed on top of the train, arrived at their midnight party unannounced.

"Who would think that these things would come in like that? We even had door security," said Diceman.

The plane and the train came to rest in the backyard garden of retired university physicist Paulie Brown.

The accident happened when a vintage locomotive from the

Canadian Pacific railyard jumped the tracks, clipped the wings of the Hercules plane, sending both head first into the rooming house.

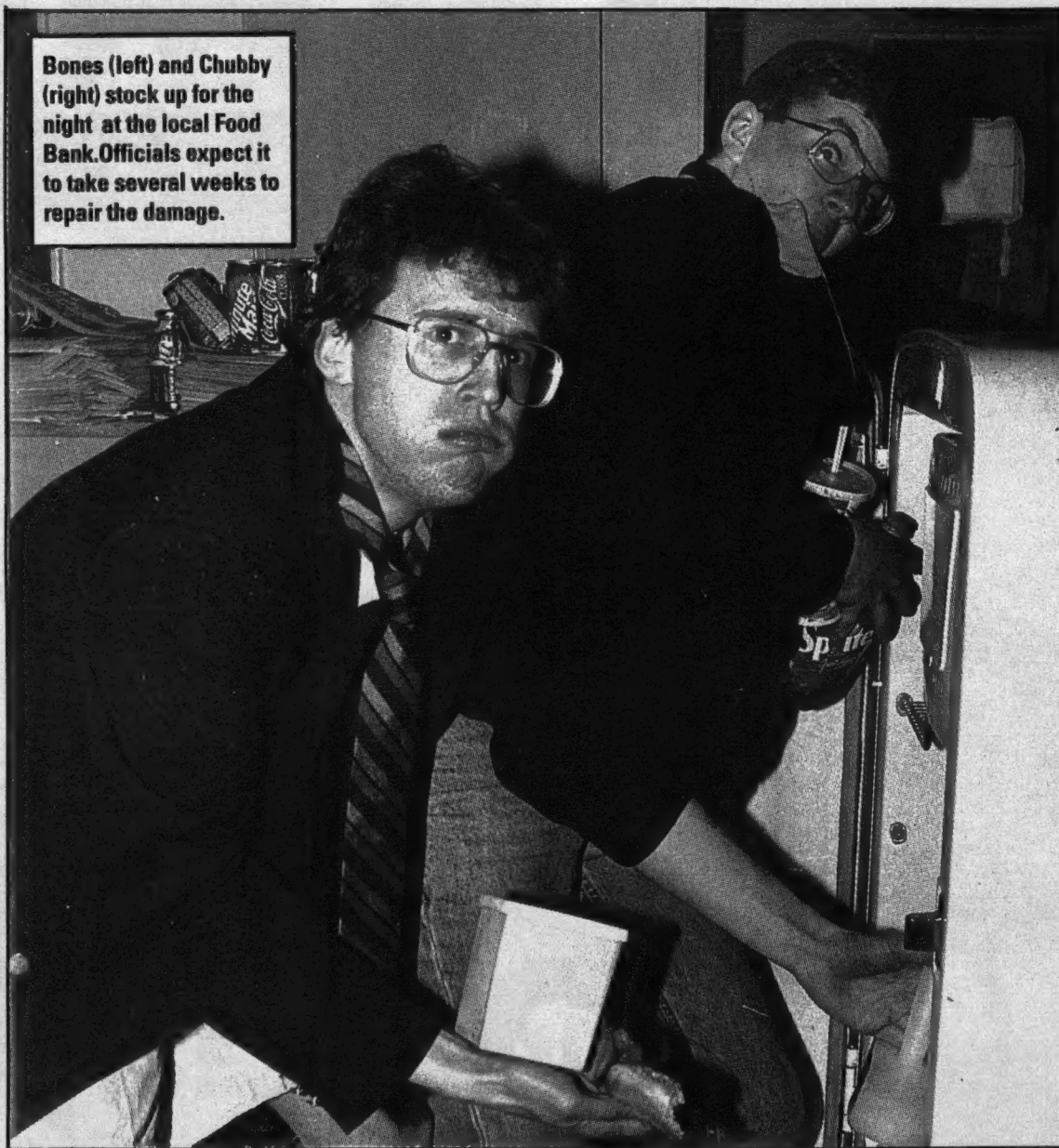
Alcohol was found at the scene of the crash, said Wetaskewin RCMP Sergeant D. du Wright yesterday, but police are waiting for toxicology reports.

"The sole complainant in this incident has indicated in his report that he visually acquired the locomotive operator consuming an unknown beverage. Making unfounded assumptions at this point would be purely circumstantial," said du Wright.

Canadian Forces spokesman Col. Richard Flagg refused comment citing "security considerations," but added that the Hercules aircraft has had a good flight record.

Food Bank busted!!!

Bones (left) and Chubby (right) stock up for the night at the local Food Bank. Officials expect it to take several weeks to repair the damage.



CP Laserphoto

By SCUM NEWS SERVICES

Last week's robbing of the Edmonton Food Bank has been solved after eight days of intense investigation.

The Scum is ashamed to report that sports writers Scary Bones and Big Dick Chubby were the culprits in what was apparently the climax of an all-night eating binge. The binge included vandalizing a candy bar machine and stealing \$565 worth of food from the Food Bank. Damage was also done to a refrigerator after the pair used explosives to break through the padlocked appliance.

"It comes as a great shock to all of us that two such respectable members of the community would cause such a

disturbance and commit such a felony (crime)," said Food Bank spokesperson Gavin Outgrub.

Rumors persist that the hungry pair could not satisfy their cravings since the NHL strike shut down the media buffet table at Northlands Calousseum.

"There was no way of keeping them from entering the Food Bank. After all, they were armed and nothing was going to keep them from the food," said Outgrub. "If they were that desperate, I wish they would have come to us first."

Bones and Chubby are also being investigated for a series of Pizza 63 disturbances that happened the same night.

The sports department declined comment.

Sex attacks on women run rampant

by TIM ORMEN
Staff Writer

The sixth street attack in 2 1/2 weeks on a female shows it's open season on women, says the head of the city's sexual assault centre. Four of those assaults have been rapes.

"It seems like it's becoming open season on women in this city," said Catherine Helmond, executive director of Assault

Central of Edmonton.

"Women have to take extra precautions," Helmond said.

"And I am really angry that we are put in that position."

Police have made an arrest in only one of the assaults, and say it's likely they're looking for four different men.

"That is very frightening," Helmond says.

Yesterday, a 21-year old woman was kidnapped and raped repeatedly before being released about 3:30 pm.

The woman, 21, was grabbed off the street near 105 St. and 98 Ave. by two men in a blue van, said police.

She was beaten in the vehicle, then taken to a business on 154 St. and 87 Ave and sexually assaulted.

Stiffer penalties expected

The woman ran to a service station for help after the men dropped her off near 98 St. and 105 Ave.

An hour after that alleged attack, a man beat a 19-year old woman who resisted his sexual advances near Londonderry Mall.

The woman—who was walking home from her job as a waitress at a mall restaurant—was treated for cuts and bruises in hospital after the 3:45 am attack.

She escaped after a man ripped her clothes and punched her several times.

Friday, a woman escaped from a man who threatened to rape and kill her in a parkade at 110 St. and 76 Ave.

"I just don't understand why men are stuck in this traditional backward role of domination over women. Why do they think they can objectify and abuse women?" said Helmond.

Watch your weenies, boys!

By GERMIE WILTSON
Staff Writer

Citing the centuries old objectification of women as the primary factor, mayor Jan Weiner has proposed legislation to force men to register their genitalia.

Under the plan, men would visit the mayor, who would then assign a ranking. The comparison would be to a weapon, and men would be issued certificates that they would have to produce on demand for women.

"I really think this will work," said Weiner. "The rankings could range from small handgun to nuclear weapon. Impotent men could be 'defective', and diseased men could be 'deadly weapon'."

Male councillors split

Her idea has received mixed response on council, with all the women supporting, and the men split.

"I am in complete favor of the idea," said Ron (Studs) Hate-Her. "I've already been tested, and came out with a 'Long range rifle' rating. This will make getting all those hookers off the street (and into my house) a lot easier."

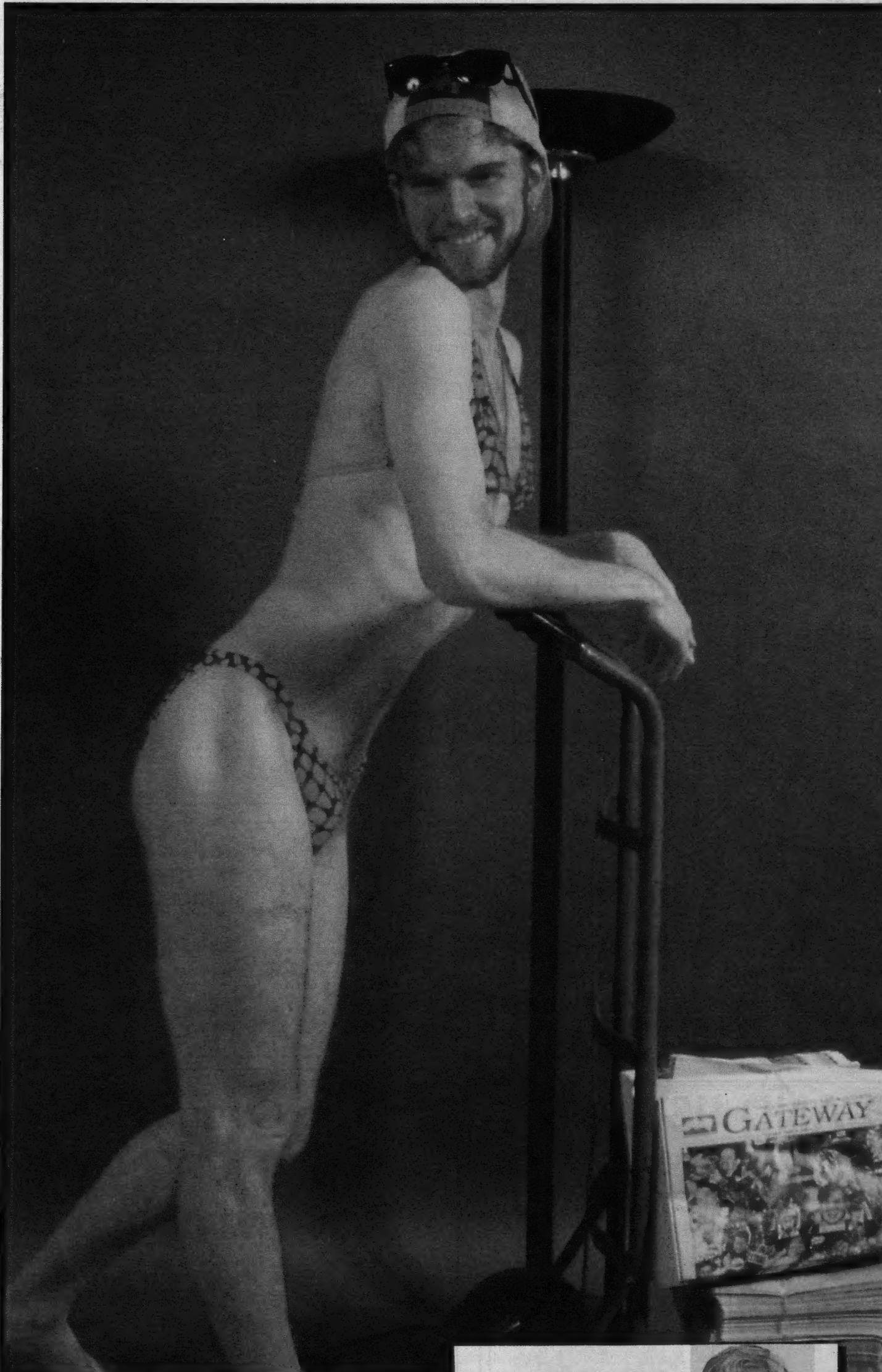
However, some of the men in town have expressed concern, not that it is a violation of their rights, but that the subjective ratings may prove unfair to those not as well endowed as others.

"What am I supposed to do," cried Dick Smith. "How can I pick up chicks with a 'Broken Switchblade' rating?"

Despite the uproar by men's groups, women's organizations around the world have applauded the move. As well, offers have been pouring into the mayor's office, asking to help do the rankings.

"It's a fantastic idea," said feminist Mary Neeinthe groin. "It makes the singles scene so much safer for women, and places them on an equal footing with men, who can check out their natural assets whenever they want."

Any man who refuses to comply by not carrying his certificate would be ticketed by the police and given 24 hours to submit to testing. Failure to do so would then result in messy confiscation. The proposal goes before council next week.



Chrissie, 21, delivers newspapers for a living and in her spare time she enjoys pulling socks over cats' heads and putting old ham slices in library books; books that remind her of school, which she hated! Good going, Miss Poisson!

PAUL BUNYANPORT'S
SCUMshine Beauty



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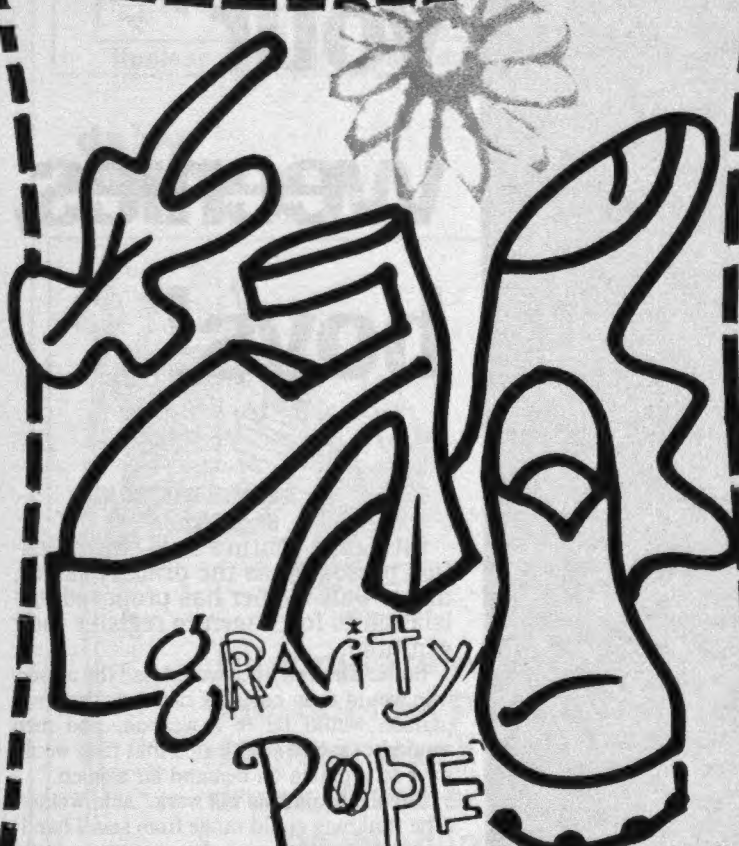
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Geronimo!

By CLOVER LEWRECH
Staff Writer

Mechanical engineers at the University of Alberta are launching cars off the roof of the Education Carpark to develop an aerodynamic flying car.

Three cars have already been launched from the carpark through a hole cut in the bright, racer yellow guard rail. The object is to see which car can go the furthest before crashing to the ground. Bonus points are given to the drivers that manage to fling themselves out of the hurtling vehicles before impact.

One of the three cars exploded in the grassy passage and driver Velocity Victor was nearly incinerated in the conflagration.

"There's hardly any danger and you get to design your own car. We could be making major progress for the space program even," said Victor.

Many are excited

Others are equally excited about their research and hail it as a revolutionary way of testing new motors, velocity, streamlining, and lightness.

Despite complaints about noise and the danger of exploding cars, Campus Police still views the experiments as a wonderful new initiative.

"We think that this will even affect how we do our jobs concerning high speed car chases around campus," said director Doogie Knocoment. "Campus Police fully supports experiments involving driving cars off the very parking lot where we are stationed. After all, we are very good at not listening and this way we do not have to investigate anything terribly upsetting."

Groundskeepers burnt up

The groundskeepers commented that they are letting the car impact zone remain burned and scorched in light of the continuation of car flight and impact tests.

One veteran gardener is especially upset about a tree he named Fred the Birch who was smashed when the very first car was launched.

"I planted ol' Fred there twenty years ago and now look at 'im! Not even suitable for firewood! ****ed MechEs with their crazy ideas and ***** research."

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SCUMFlashes

Coup!

Three hundred people were killed in Yugoslavia in the worst fighting since the end of the ceasefire.

Strippers are Satan

A band of well-meaning strippers strutted their stuff for Jesus, but that was not enough for anti-stripping guru Andrey Jinsung.

"These people are Satan and should be stamped out," cried Jinsung.

The Stettler-area crusader has been lobbying the provincial government to put an end to what she calls "the evil of our society."

Biff Jerkhi, a spectator at the show said that Jenson had no right to curtail legitimate entertainment and added that she was "f—ed."

REAL women on top

The REAL women convention at Jasper Park Lodge last weekend was marred by violence as a mob of angry feminists attacked during a fashion show.

The incident occurred around 9 pm on Saturday. During a housedress demonstration, a band of bra-burners stormed the room and shouted down guest spokesmodel Deberah Blue, the Deformed Party's only Member of Parliament. A scuffle ensued.

"It was simply awful," said REAL woman Norma Hussy. "I have scratches all over me from their unshaven legs."

"Ooh, those nasty fembos, they're always breaking in on us," said Sadie Homemaker. "Last week at the abortion clinic we had to beat up on a couple of them, just to put them back in their place."

Thirteen of the marauding feminists were taken into custody. None were available for comment.

Enviro Minister pregnant?

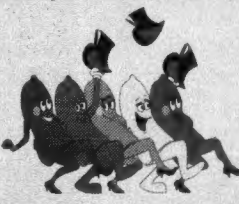
Alberta Environment Minister Rolf Kleenex may be pregnant, not fat, an anonymous source told *The Edmonton Scum* yesterday. The source did not contact a certain other Edmonton-area newspaper.

"As far as we are able to discern, we are the only daily publication in Edmonton covering this story," said former *Edmonton Scum* publisher Wrong Colliester in an exclusive interview with *The Edmonton Scum* this morning.

Colliester added that a certain other Edmonton-area newspaper "sucks sh-t ever since they fired me."

Current *Edmonton Scum* publisher Runny Michelangelo said that the story was a major coup for his newspaper, and not for a certain other Edmonton-area newspaper.

"This story is a major coup for my newspaper, and not for a certain other Edmonton-area newspaper," he said in an exclusive interview with *The Edmonton Scum* today.



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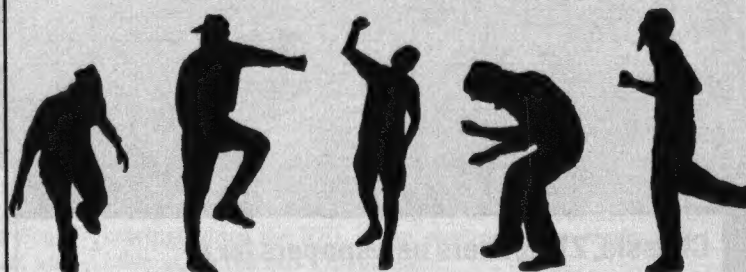
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Pooch parts with parts

Vicious girl mauls neighbor's dog



CP Laserphoto

Rufus the dog in happier days before Monday's attack. Rufus is now earless and is recovering from severe blood loss.

By DONT BENDIT
Staff Writer

An Edmonton girl turned the tables on a local dog on Monday, and SPCA officials say the dog may not survive the attack.

"I've never seen anything like it," said Biff Bummer, owner of the collie cross that was attacked by three-year-old Kitty Striker. "Rufus usually eats little kids like that for breakfast."

Bummer said Rufus approached Kitty peacefully when the little girl let loose. When Bummer finally freed Rufus from Kitty's jaws, he had lost an ear and had severe cuts and bruises all over its head.

Veterinarian Willy Fixum said that although he lost a lot of

blood, Rufus will probably pull through, but he fears copycat maulings.

"Kids are pretty mean at the age, and if they aren't trained properly, pet owners could have quite a problem."

"I think the solution is obvious," said Bummer. "That little girl has got to be put down."

The Scum was unable to confirm whether the girl has had her rabies shots.

Mayor Gin Rummer had no comment yesterday on whether City Council would consider a vicious child by-law.

Striker's owners were unavailable for comment, but Striker did give *The Edmonton Scum* an exclusive interview.

"Bad puppy," she said.

Cavemen, circumcised want Charter

By LURID PINDICK
Staff Writer

Neanderthals have lunged into the Canadian constitutional debate, hoping to win a "Triple C" Senate for clothing, cover and chow.

The Neanderthals were thought to be extinct until they came out of the bush in the Stettler area to campaign for Dim Gitty after he lost his Edmonton seat to some guy in a wheelchair.

Argggggghhhhhh, a spokesneanderthal from the Stettler area, said the government hasn't given them a fair deal.

"We just want the recognition we deserve. We demand to be recognized as distinct because we've reached a plateau in the evolutionary process, and not everybody can do that."

The Neanderthals' announcement came on the same day that the controversial Brotherhood United For Future Foreskins (BUFFF) announced their lobby to incorporate the right to "a full and natural foreskin" into the Social Charter. Fruy T. Mann, a representative of BUFFF, said basic rights need to be enshrined and protected in the Constitution.

"Everyday in hospitals from PEI to Vancouver Island little baby boys are being deprived of their foreskins before they reach an age to appreciate it fully, and that is not right."

Joey Clank said in Ottawa yesterday that it is time for all parties involved in the constitutional debate to be flexible, so that a deal can be worked out to accommodate all people and those who are almost people.

Clank refused to say whether he himself was circumcised.

Strathcona to secede?

THYMATHY LACLABICHE
Scum Staff Writer

Old Strathcona may separate from the city of Edmonton if Mayor Gin Rummer continues to refuse to recognize it as a distinct society.

This from area resident Snot Lokisson, who doubles as the district's MP.

"My friends have taught me that socialism stuff is bad. So if a bolshe like Gin doesn't want to make my house part of distinct society, then what I want must be really good," Lokisson told an *Edmonton Scum* reporter in a local bar last Tuesday.

Edmonton Scum newswriter Daved Jiggly, who lives in Old Strathcona, said Wednesday that declaring Old Strathcona a distinct society is not a bad idea.

"You know that Greek restaurant on Whyte Avenue. The one with the unpronounceable name. Well, if Old Strathcona was made a distinct society, then we could make them have an English name," he said.

Mayor Rummer was unavailable for comment, as her phone was busy, and frankly that pissed us off.

All I can say is thank God for me

Imagine this nightmare scenario if you dare.

A man is walking home from his well-paying, nine-to-five job, expecting his wife's warm welcome, a good meal from McDonalds and the loving attentions of his children.

On the way he is cornered, shot three times in the leg, and left for dead. All his money is removed, and his assailants perform an emergency tracheotomy as well. He lies bleeding and hurt.

The ambulance arrives, and he hopes that his ordeal is near its end. But it is no friendly and helpful team of paramedics that emerge. It is a group of Nazis, bearing long whips covered with pieces of glass attached by Crazy-Glu. They beat him and whip him, scoring deep welts in his crying flesh. They take his "Employee-of-the-Month" coffee cup from his bleeding unresisting fingers, and write three bad cheques from his chequebook.

Unbelievable? Impossible?

Unbelievable, you say? Impossible, you think? Couldn't happen here in our neighbourhood of milk and pudding? Could only happen in a POLEEE-EEEEE state, you say?

Well, this is no drug-fantasy, no hallucination. It is merely a lie. This never happened. Luckily, the legion of Keen Commandos never had to bring this serious matter to my attention in hope of my divine Keenian benediction. The world is safe, at least, from mysterious leg-shooting assailants and Nazis posing as ambulance attendants.

But just imagine this scenario.

A woman comes outside. She owns a dog, and it is the only

FREDDIE
KEEN-O



thing that ties her to this screaming pit of pain called life. She has doted on this dog for half of her life. She comes to feed it. The dog is missing.

She screams, a scream that the gods cannot but hear. She screams, a cry that must shatter the subatomic bonds in all matter around her. She screams, tearing torment from her tortured soul, her heart a bleeding wreckage. She screams.

O how she screams.

She reports this and her dog has yet to be found. The police lie idle, preferring to waste our tax dollars giving me parking tickets instead of getting out there to help the great unwashed mass of losers that justify this column.

How long for JUSTICE?

Incredible, you say. Impossible, you say. Hard to believe, you say. But no. Stranger than life or lies, this is true. The giant behemoth of government programs rolls over yet another little guy (or in this case, a little gal) leaving nothing

but broken dreams. How long must we suffer? How long must we toil? How long must we strive, slick-skinned, for the kind of justice that screams "JUSTICE!" How long, how long?

What kind of system can we live in where such violations of our deepest identities can go unnoticed by the powers-that-bee, our oh-so-useful welfare state lackeys who itch for the first opportunity to screw the little guy? A pretty darn bad one, I say.

A regular Superman

So I called up the dog catcher people to see if there was anything that could be done. They were friendly and courteous. After a few minutes the dog was recovered. Simple. It just required a firm hand and a strong heart unblemished by graft. Once again I saved the day and reclaimed someone's life from the abyss. I'm a regular Superman.

One day, when this ponderous mechanism we call a state grinds to a halt, I will be there. Fighting. Proud. Determined. Holding aloft the flag of freedom for all to see. I will not stop. No threat of pain or suffering can divert me. I will triumph. And with me shall come all those who have been hurt. All those whom society has ignored. All those who deserved another chance.

And these, my loyal flock, my devoted acolytes, we shall begin anew, creating from the rubble a new land, based on decency and respect. Where programs that are supposed to help people actually help people.

One day, my job here will be done.

GOOD MORNING SUNSHINE
Meow. Meow, meow. Meeow. Ffift! Fffift! Reecoww! Mreeoww! Gk. Hockkk, acck gchkl Meow, meoww, meow. Meow.

...

MOTORCYCLE MOMMA
Lurine Mansfridgld, exacerbatly pleasant host of the *Goody, Good, Good Mourning* show on ITV(Meow) was seen clad in black leather tooling around on a big, black Harley last Thursday near a catholic junior high school. One of the young lads from the school recognized Lurine and asked about her motorcycle. "I just love big hard things between my legs," she purred, and took the boy for a few vrooms round the playground.

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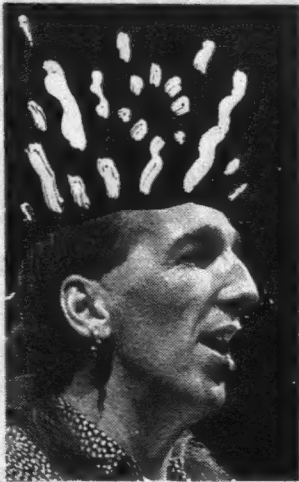
LARRY FILLS HIS DRAWERS
Liberal Leader **Larry Deckored** had a moment of embarrassment yesterday at the provincial press conference after the release of **Dong Etty's** new budget. When asked for his reaction on Etty's budget, Deckored paused to collect his thoughts just as his colostomy bag sprung a leak. What a faux pas! As Deckored rushed off to the washroom, Dong Etty was overheard saying "Ha! Larry's full of shit!"

...

DARRON PICKS ANOTHER WINNER
ITV *Sports Nite* nitwit **Darron Dutczychyncysn** was seen at The Keg salad bar, waiting in line for a third helping of bacon bits. I surprised Darron as he was picking his nose and doing a probe by probe commentary. "And I'm going deep! It's down to the the twenty, the ten...oh yeah! Looks like I picked another winner." I stayed away from the thousand island dressing after that.

...

DINO'S BUNGEE JUMP A BIG MISTAKE
CTV's big-haired, yakshow hussy (Meow) **Dino Petty** visited WEM's new bungee jump at the world waterpark and decided to give it a try. Unfortunately, the pool was being cleaned that day, and was empty as Dino made the plunge. The sound of her head being flattened was heard by mall employees as far away as Phase 1. "I thought it was a rent-a-cart colliding with a bag lady" said **Phil Greasy** from International Clothiers, "but I guess it was nothing."
Ms. Petty and her flathead was rushed to hospital where a Pairs shampoo spokesman greeted the accident with delight. "Now Dino can balance those Pairs shampoo bottles on her head."



...

TONNA MARINE ARTSO



COLIN'S BALLS TOO MUCH TO HANDLE
Colin McLame, smarmy CBC geezer, met with an unfortunate accident at Broadway Bowling Alley last Friday night. Colin had never been ten pin bowling before and wasn't used to having his fingers in the bowling balls' holes. With a mighty backswing, Colin launched himself down the alley, his head connecting with the ten pin for a perfect strike. Afterwards, Colin was pronounced a certified vegetable by doctors. The decision was met with general approval.

...

MY MOST IMPORTANT THING TODAY
No, nevermind. It's something no one gives a shit about anyway.

...

FARTUSO'S ENTERTAINMENT CHOICE OF THE WEEK
Masturbation. Especially on those WEM vibrating foot things. Once the mall is closed and there are no street thugs around...although they can be fun too. Yes! Ye-es!!

...

See you tomorrow.



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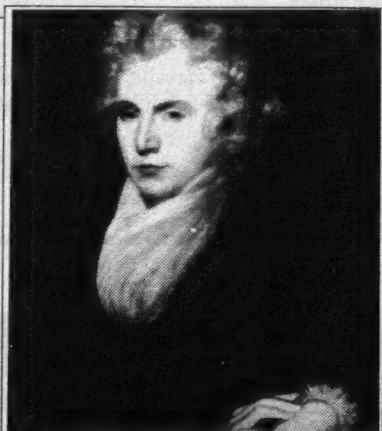
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BILL PERVERSELY



Flay the naysayer

Business executives in Florida were not surprised when Mila Mulrooney emerged fully-clothed from the swimming pool of their penthouse office tower and unbuttoned her bell-bottom zoot-suit pants. From inside her brassiere she pulled green beans, radishes, and handfuls of gravy, which she served to the unbewildered executives. The fun-loving business-types went along with what they thought was a charade and started rooting around in her clothing for other edibles. Unfortunately, husband Brian Mulrooney wasn't bloated and drowned in the pool as everyone suspected, and took affront to his wife being searched by Americans, and came out of the pool hoping to beat some corporate-types to death with a shovel.

"But I thought Miles Davis was dead," are the last words one of the frisking men was reported to have said before the shovel turned his head into a quivering ball of snot.

...

A fish story

A close relative of the Phoenix Carp is the Arctic Flounder. Both fish are renowned for their white meat, relative bonelessness, and their sizable genitalia. Unfortunately, the males of the species are so poorly aquadynamic and create such a drag, they even create ripples on the surface of the water. This is a great advantage to fishermen and other predators, like bears and otters, who can see these fish from a great distance, but some men find the thought of eating a fish with a great dangling reproductive member distasteful, unlike fellow mammals, the bears and otters.

"I mean, it's just like eating cows or sheep, eh?" says one angler. "They have dicks, too."

...

Stiff Happy People

The Chinese government recently announced the invention of a supercondom in order to control their population problem. Apparently it improves the size and rigidity of Ol'Faithful, as well as prevent the birth of any pesky babies. However, once you get it on, it takes twelve years for it to come off. Unfortunately, the warning on the box is in Chinese, which doesn't help poor Bill any. Does Confucious have anything to say about this?

...

Happy Easter, chickadees

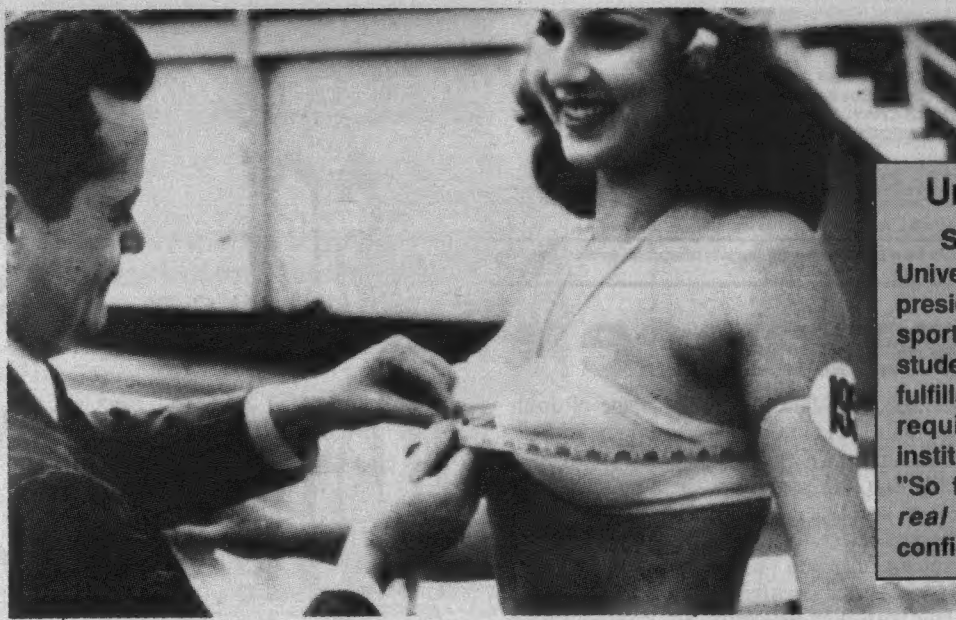
In Nicaragua, the traditional Easter Egg Hunt takes a turn for the absurd. Instead of hiding the egg among the bushes and flowers of the simple plant-life that grows in the rolling hills of this small troubled country, the American Forces amuse themselves by hiding eggs on members of the general public. Here, a young Sandinista soldier has thirty eggs hidden on his person. The American-backed Contra soldiers below him tear at his clothing in an attempt to find the eggs. Usually, the egg-bearer is beaten beyond recognition, tortured, mutilated, shot, and immolated. Traditionalists say this sort of event has nothing to do with the Easter tradition, and usually they find eggs on their person, or in their house, or in their car.

...



EASTER REVELRY

Kids of all ages in Nicaragua enjoy the new Easter Festivities, and participate in the beating and torture of one of their friends in order to get at the tasty Easter Eggs the contras say he is hiding.



University success

University of Alberta president Pal Davenport measures a student to see if she fulfills a new quota requirement being instituted this year. "So far, it's been a real success, confides Pal."

Act NOW!

SALES

SAVINGS!

MONEY!

RESPOND!

to one of these really ugly SCUM ads

\$\$\$\$

we don't need

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BAR-DELLI
HUB MALL

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Edmonton Scum, Thursday, April 16, 1992

Edmonton's Other Other Voice

PAT HARD-ON, Publisher
GOLIATH WHITE, Guy mostly in charge
PAUL STAND-AWAY!, Paperboy
RANDY McNUGGET, Fill-in guy

J. DOUG. KRYTEN, Chairman (I thought we didn't use that word) of the board and CEO
PAUL V. NUTIN, Prez and KOO BRUCE L. BRUCE JAXON, Vice figure, money guy and CSC

The Edmonton Scum is a division of some really big organization devoted to trashy newspapers across Canada published out of the trunks of some disreputable cars.

Deliverance

I remember in 1971 when this high-falutin director name of John Boorman came to my cousin's homestead in Georgia and said he wanted to make a movin' picture with us in it. We was so proud. So proud. You see he wanted our cousin Billy Bob, Jr., you know, the banjo player in the movie, to play this little tune and this city boy decides to play along with him. Ha! He shoulda known better. The city boy barely knew how to pick at his guitar while cousin Billy Bob was lettin' the rosin fly.

But anyways here we was in Georgia twenty-one years ago and this fellow says he wants us to star with Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox and Jon Voight in a movie "celebrating the roots of America." And we all bought it. Right up until the scene were Cousin Jimbo and his son get plugged by Burt Reynolds. All I can say is Ned Beatty got what he deserved and I squealed like a pig when Ronnie Cox finally bit the big one on the mighty river. But it was true, Jon Voight sure had a purdy mouth.

So why the hell this romp down memory lane when we're thousands of miles away in Edmonton where we don't have to worry about exploitive movie producers picking on the original inhabitants of the land (hell, the government here in Alberta does a bang up job of that!). The moral of this little story may well be that James Dickey's allegorical tale of Deliverance is a nasty omen to the rural folk of the land. We don't have hillbillies in Alberta, but we do have city slickers trying to drain the rural resources of what strength, integrity and tradition they have left and replacing it with lottery offices, cable tv and Video Hits.

To get back to Deliverance, these city slickers went out looking for nature. Ha! They wouldn't know nature if it crawled out of the grass and shoved a tent up their butts. There idea of nature was to canoe down a lovely stretch of river. I know some local fellows who did that once. They said "hey, let's go canoeing down the river! It's only a few miles!" Well...miles and miles and hours later they emerged Lazarus-like from the bowels of a pair of giant culverts. They were cold, wet and had picked up a few leeches along the way. The beer tube was untouched and so much as a shower scared the hell out of them for months to follow and the only currents they ran into were from the draught beer being poured into pitchers at the local bar. Did I mention the moral?

Oh yeah, so if you're from the big city don't go off wilderness tramping thinking because you have a green box, and you have a compost heap and you have a lifetime subscription to Greenpeace or Adbusters that you know what nature is. Look at the boys in Deliverance. They escaped. Barely.

If you want to know what it's like to truly live with nature walk a mile in my cousin's shoes. No, not the ones in Georgia, but the ones I have scattered across the province. More than one of them plays banjo and there's a fiddle player or two known to frequent the back trails of rural Alberta. Throw off the smoggy and repressive cloak of city life and take an Alberta break today.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I WAS living in Corbania, when the government was overthrown by fascists. I had two beautiful daughters, Kate and Edith. Because I opposed their rultle, the government demenaded that I surrender one of my doughter to be executed. I refused, so the government executed both of them. Today, marks the twentieth anniversary of their deaths. Please print this letter to demonstrate my undying love to them.

Mrs. Mxylptz

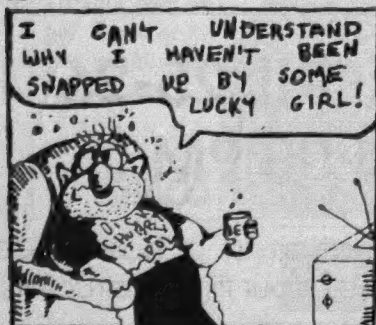
(I guess this shows you that you can't have your Kate and Edith too!)

AS A young, white, fully-abled, middle-class male, I'd like to say that I'm darned tired of having all these so-called "minorities" elbowing in on my rights. I mean, what's a guy to do when he doesn't have anything wrong with him? Who stands up for the undisadvantaged? I don't see anything in the Constitution that protects my rights.

John Smith

(Seems like nobody cares.)

Slobbles



WHERE'S THE SCUMshine boy? My friends and I are sick of seeing this full-coloured babe on page three and then having to flip through the rest of the paper to find the guy. Then when we finally do find him, he's ugly. Where do you find these guys — Love Handles 'R' Us? We're starting to think that maybe the SCUM doesn't respect women. What have you got to say to that?

Dolly Dickens

(Who cares what you think?)

I WOULD like to complain to you about an aspect of your paper that I find disgusting. Specifically, the Scumshine boy you always print over in the entertainment section. Now, I work at a construction site, and it's goddam hard to check out where the best strippers are playing at without turning to that page, and lemme tell you, it's no picnic having the guys look over your shoulder and see you looking at the page with some greased-up bunboy on it. Hey, I'm no fag, and it makes me sick to have to look at some gorgeous chick in a G-string one minute and some blow-dried slab of beefcake the next. I just think it's in bad taste.

Joe & the guys at Bunting Construction

(It makes us sick too, but there are some chicks out there who like that sort of tasteless exhibitionism.)

I AM writing to you about your Scumshine girl of April 7. What were you thinking of? Man, what a pig. I wouldn't fuck her with a double-ply garbage bag over my head. The thing is that me and the guys at the con-

struction site rely on the Scumshine girl to get us up and going in the morning, and to provide conversational material during lunch break. It really puts a damper on your day when the first thing you see is some fat cow in a bikini three sizes too small for her, with no tits to speak of anyway. Come on, your readers deserve better than that!

Gus & the guys at Bruford Construction

(She was kind of a pig.)

MY PARAKEET got sucked up by a cement truck's exhaust manifold just last week. What makes it sad is that the driver came out, stepped all over it, and drove away. Now I'll never see my little Bitsy Pook-ums again. To the driver, I don't like you anymore.

Dougie Woogums

(Stop your whining.)

I CAN'T understand all this sexism in the Scum! The Scumshine Girl, all those stripper ads and that "come hither" Tonna Fartuso head shot. It has bothered me every day of my 9 year subscription. Why not some serious journalism?

Hugh G. Rection

(Look, fuck off why don't you?)

I AM writing in response to Tonna Marine Fartuso's "article" about me in last Thursday's Scum. In it, Fartuso implied that I was dull and uninteresting. That's completely, unequivocally, completely not true! What's more, it's so far from the

truth as to make it...erm...untrue. I have many interesting aspects: I have an extensive necktie collection, I have the same first name as Joe Pesci (who is also very interesting), and, well, I do a lot of neat things. My favorite color is blue! That's interesting!

Joe Clark

(Hm? What? Did you say something, Joe?)

HEY! WHAT the hell is going on, anyway? Who are you people? Has anybody seen my blue tie?

John the Baptist

(It's under the bureau drawer.)

Fuck these fucking fuckers who fuck around with the fucking old fuckers on the fucking buses every day after fucking junior high fucks

off. Fuck off, you fucking young fucking know it alls! Fuck you!

Maurice O'Ledgeezer

(It's good that senior citizens still know how to swear.)

I'd like to point out a few mistakes in the editorial on April 9, 1992 "Capitalism wins a triumphant battle."

First of all, your opening statement is innacurate on the following points...

As well, some of your supporting facts are wrong...

Finally, your conclusions are weak...

Sherri Miliken

(Thanks for your letter. We had to edit a little for space, but your comments are very interesting.)

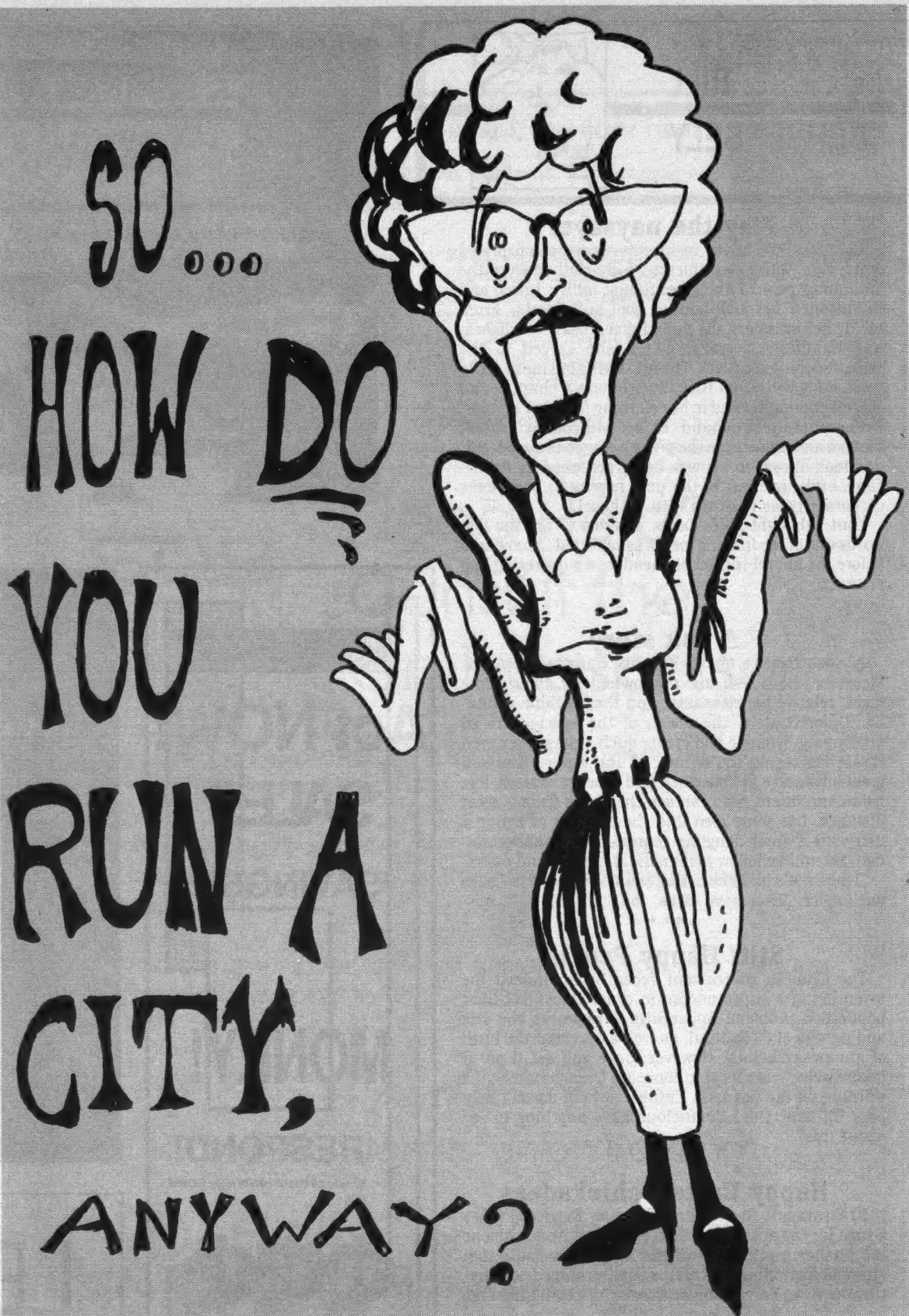
LETTER OF THE DAY

I'M WRITING to complain about all the ads you run for Future Schlock and Cheezo Rent-to-Own. Having a brain like most of your readers that is susceptible to blaring full-page ads for shitty stereo systems, last week I went down to Future Schlock to buy a CD player for my car. First they told me that they only had one unit per store of the system advertised in the paper, then they said they were out of stock, and that the fine print mentioned that the actual model did not have all the features that the advertised one did, like solar recharger panels, attached speakers, and rewind/fast forward buttons, then they sold me an older, used model for twice the price advertised for the new one on a six year 28% payment plan, and then when it blew up and fused my car dash into a slab of melted plastic the next day they said I hadn't purchased the optional refund insurance policy which cost an extra \$400 per year, and that I was fucked.

I hold you fully responsible for my stupidity.

Jim at Cutco Construction

(It takes all types.)



Right is right, right?

fter a time one has had quite enough of the left-lib whining that goes on in Canada. Why can't we be more like the British? Over there, where they know how to run a country, the Tories have just risen to another glorious victory. One can't help but admire an electorate which recognizes that John Major has just as many balls as Margaret Thatcher.

Batty in Ontario

But let us return to Canada, where the scourge of democratic socialism and economic communism is ravaging the hard-working middle-class. It's bad enough that Ontario went batty enough to vote in the reds, but now British Columbia and Saskatchewan have gone equally nutty.

While the leftist politicians and media are busy wringing their hands about social justice, universality, equity, Food Banks, and other rubbish, the down-trodden businessman is faced with taxes, taxes, taxes. Why in Alberta, big manufacturers only got \$7 million in tax breaks in the last budget, and they don't expect much more than \$15 million the next time around. Meanwhile, the mealy-mouthed welfare hounds are whining about Medicare. So premiums go up—so what? If these whiners wouldn't get sick so often, they wouldn't have so much to worry about.

Greenbacks or grass?

And this environment crisis that the left has cooked up is simply masterful. I can't think of a more effective way of shutting down capitalism for good than imposing silly environment regulations on factories. You can't make money without belching the odd chemical or two into the atmosphere. The ocean is big enough to hold a lot of so-called pollutants. And after all, let's be practical here — would you rather have greenbacks or green grass? But the left-lib hysteria continues.

The point is, government policy is breaking the back of business, and you've got these flipped-out left-wingers like Bob Rae and Don Getty to thank for it. How is business supposed to make money when it is constantly hampered by these silly labour laws that make you pay minimum wage? And then, on top of that, they're supposed to allow strikes as well? What we need to do is go back to the days of the Industrial Revolution, where even women and children worked 14 hours a day and there was none of this incessant whining about pay equity and free day care. Those were the good old days.

Speaking of day care.... Oh hell, what's the use. I just can't go on with it any more. Ever since Barbie Amireal took off for England, the Scum has been looking for a right-wing female to take her place. I needed the job. But I can't live the lie any longer. The truth is, the only time I've never voted NDP is when I voted for the Green Party in 1988. I believe in equity, universal day care, guaranteed minimum incomes, the Social Charter, and a 50 per cent hike in corporate income taxes. I think the Scumshine Girl is a horribly sexist feature, and truth be known, I subscribe to the *Edmonton Urinal*.

Sorry I let you down, Barbie, but frankly, I think you're cracked.

Valkyrie MacLame will no longer be seen in this space. Until a suitable replacement can be found, we will be running a guest column by Virgin Barfield.

Ted Barfield is the divine hand of retribution, the sole earthly agent of God. Really. "No shit," as the kids today might

VALKYRIE
MACLANE



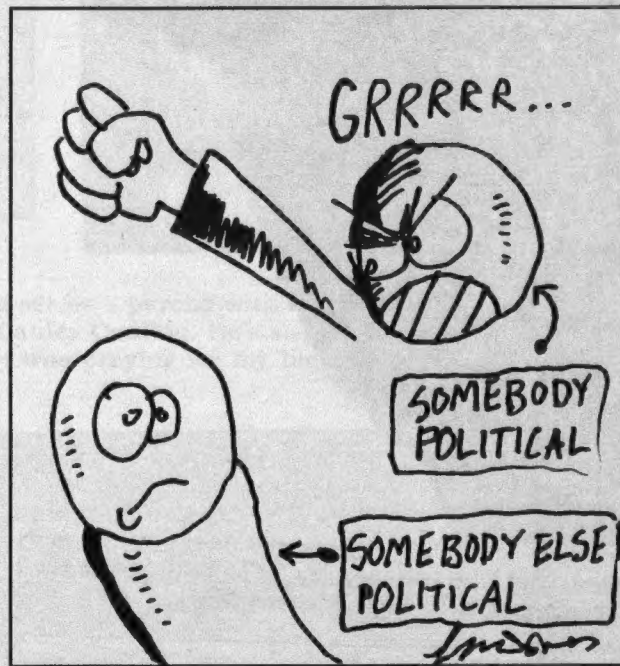
say before I washed out their mouths with lye and the clarified fat cooked from deceased persons.

Political whining and wheeling and dealing is for cowards who lack the political will to make manifest their destiny. Why don't you just make my father king and then kill yourselves? This planet would be far better off if left to the exclusive dominion of the Barfields. Then we wouldn't have to listen to barely vertebrate, limp-wristed lefties like you. Achtung, baby!

Inbreeding not an issue

Those who have complained of a tendency toward nepotism in the family business have never understood our privileged position as the still point at the center of the spinning universe, the heart and soul of the crystal spheres. Angels aspire to be members of our steno pool. And following your deaths and our ascension in the food-chain, as it were, because it is necessary to make recourse to science and the objective evaluation of our superiority—inbreeding wouldn't an issue either, because Barfields have no recessive genes.

I mean, fuck, Noah and his wife repopulated the world, didn't they? From a boat! And their children weren't all hemophiliac pussies, right? Instead, with the blessings of the Barfield family gene pool, we could have an entire planet of real men, with real opinions, like those guys that gave Ned Beatty a lesson in *Deliverance*. Squeal! Vive le Barfield. Die you anonymous turds!



When the NDP take over

The last place I would want to be when the NDP takes power is in Canada. Can you feel the sort of scratching like cats scraping your bum with their little dirty claws that being a sound analogy for the conquest of Western Canada by those two-faced horn-blowing gimme-my-abortion Non Democratic Party?

In one of those smaller independent bookstores of Edmonton I found myself a rather curious cat, who, while I was transitting the carpet to park myself in front of the alternative sexual periodicals, looked up at me with such earnestness and knowledge, such a sense of thoughtfulness, that I could do nothing but bend mine knees and touch him tentatively, because he may have been toying with me, he may be one of those flirty-but-savage cats to whom success is measured in marks on people's forearms. So I bent and touched his head lightly, hoping he wasn't one of those touch-my-bum type cats, one of those chew-on-your-hair, climb the curtains, poop in the laundry basket type of cats, but when my hand touched his head he/she leaned back into it and smiled with just enough self-indulgence to satisfy me that it was worthwhile, but not too much that this would seem like one of those desperate for attention type cats. So I stroked, massaged, and generally fondled this unknown cat, keeping one eye to the proprietor, so he knew everything was on the up-and-up, and one eye on the stack of *Hustler* and *Penthouse Letters* that could be steaming up my glasses instead of this cat, and one eye on this cat, this I-could-have-fleas, this I-lick-my-bum, this quiet, but possibly insane feline of unknown sex, who was enjoying my hand to just the appropriate excess.

I was starting to feel used after the cat had been under my palm for about five minutes, my knees were weakening, and hey, my fingers were starting to itch, and the cat hadn't even licked my hand once, so what was I getting out of it? And I got up and walked away from this pet, this domesticated and quite self-indulgent and useless beast who was propped on a pillow on a small ottoman near the back of this store, and made my way righteously to the starving stands of nasty rags.

KNEEL
WAG



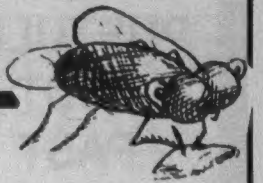
And the cat followed me. Got up off its sorry little just-washed butt and mewed and followed me. LIKE MY ATTENTIONS ACTUALLY MADE ANY DIFFERENCE! Like I was supposed to believe that this critter had any special affection for me. No, I'm no sucker! Like I believe that this hasn't happened fifteen times already today, and that after I leave he/she'll do the same to anyone who so much as looks at him/her. The memory of a shrimp, maybe, and even less, perhaps I was just another of those large creatures which stomp around in this thing's space and accidentally step on its tail, or blow hashish into its face.

So this little shrew with the pink bunghole and the tail held up like an advertisement or a basketball backboard scooted around after me like a myopic newborn who has imprinted my firm and pungent buttocks on its little brain, and I bent again at the knees and worked my fingers through its fur in a soothing but I-must-leave-you-soon manner. I can see this cat looking at everyone that passes it with the similar dopey way and following them around the store regardless of recognition. Indiscrimination. Lack of sincere concern for me. Limitless appetite for receiving affection but little recognition of who this attention comes from and even less loyalty to those who give it. So I left the store disgusted and didn't buy anything.

Which reminds me of when I was young and spent my summers volunteering for the NDP. A more wasted youth I can't imagine.

TED

BYSENFIELDEN



The problem with everything

It is time to be strong.

For too long has the truth been held back by the forces of political correctness. For too long have we been afraid to call a spade a spade and look some hard truths straight in the face. There is a very simple answer to why our nation is in such straits.

It's women. Just look at some of these facts.

- The National Institute for Study claims women are responsible for 87% of all male suicides, and are solely responsible for all female suicides.

- According to the same study, women committed 53% of all crimes in Canada last year, and an incredible 94% of all violent crimes.

- Over 30 000 men were hospitalized in Alberta last month for woman-related injuries.

- Our education system is in ruin. Many teachers are women. Rich Übermenschen, president of the National Institute for Study says, "The connection is obvious."

- Women are 60% more likely to participate in Satanic rituals. They are 34% more likely to get drunk and kill their own children in domestic beatings, and are 75% more likely to be the cause of deficit spending in the national and provincial governments.

- The media constantly portray women in positions of power over men. In most episodes of *The Flintstones* in which Fred and Wilma have a dispute, Wilma is the clear winner. The same holds true for the comic strip *Blondie*.

- Women make up 53% of the population, yet they insist on being referred to as "minority." Now I ask you, who is the minority and who deserves the special treatment?

Of course, feminist-lesbians and their PC pundit toadies don't like to confront these facts—it's much easier to ignore them than to deal with the real problems. They say these conclusions are "ridiculous," "totally absurd," and "scientifically laughable." Well, as one of the co-founders of the National Institute for Study, I am in an excellent position to judge the veracity of these facts. And I do.

Men's stories aren't being heard

But even more compelling are the human stories. Statistics and figures may be devil's candy for politicians, but for people who really care, for working men and their families, we need real situations. All we ever hear are the voices of whining women. Let's let the other side of the story have a say for once. Listen to the words of Deckard Hamstrung, serving the first year of his ten-year sentence for rape and murder.

"I looked at her...and she was tempting me...taunting me. She looked at me, and with her eyes she provoked me, called me a loser with a shriveled penis and a hole for a soul. She was wearing a shirt, and if you really looked, you could see she had breasts. The slut was crying for it."

Someone committed a crime, and someone went to jail. From my perspective, I don't think it was the same person.

In this world, there are the victims and the victimizers. Men, it's time to get out from underneath. Women have had the upper hand for too long. It's time to take power and fight.

But then, to be fair about it

To be fair, and I am fair, it's not all women who are, shall we say, castrating bitches. Just most. It all depends on how well they are trained when they are young. So, gentlemen, when you're reading this column to the little woman this morning, make sure the message gets across. Everything has its place, and with your help, we can make sure that women stay in theirs. All it takes is a little physical suggestion and stern word, though it never pays to forget electroshock therapy when dealing with the more stubborn fillies.

But who needs to be fair?

I don't wish to appear an unreasonable man. I get a lot of flak from the liberal press, saying that my ideas are prehistoric, but I am reasonable and rational. My facts are sound. My conclusions are firm. Women, and a liberal education system that molly-coddles the little bastard when it should be emphasizing rote memorization—these are the two things that threaten our way of life. Oh, and a declining devotion to God's teachings.

Or even coherent?

It's really a declining spirituality that poisons our nation. And we've drifted away from paddling and physical forms of discipline. And what about dogs? do they vote, and do they vote Reform? Who is that man standing behind that curtain? That curtain. Here's there I tell you. Look. Oh wait, it's just a leopard. Sorry about the confusion.

Mauling children just part of the appeal, says star of *The Bear*



HOLLYWOOD, California (AP) — After criticizing Cliff for being lazy in his role and resting on the fact that he is, after all, already a bear . . .

Finally a movie that fully qualifies the

By VILANY GRAY
stiff writer

Aside from the simple truths of life to be found in Bob Saget's *Full House* on PBS, there is nothing to accurately reflect the pratfalls of life—until this movie, *The Double Life of Gaston Generaux*.

Ben Kingsley and Marlon Brando are fantastic in their roles of two brothers separated at birth who lead similar lives toiling as cosmetic experimentees in the near future. Filmed in grainy black and white, ala *Eraserhead* or *the Jeffersons*, their misery is only compounded when they find each other, and discover that one of them has to be laid off by the shampoo company which has mistakenly hired them both.

The horror and desperation of their lives is almost as riveting as the *Full House* episode where little Michelle is scarred by the realities of life when Uncle Joey lets go of her bicycle and she careens off the sidewalk into a bush, maiming her hand. This sort of cruel cycle of betrayal and painful futility is mimicked in *The Double Life of Gaston Generaux*, and embodied in the cruel features of the brothers' landlord and benefactor, Calvin Cleveland, played by André the Giant, who convinces them there is life after being cosmetics test guinea pigs for twenty years, and the three of them become accountants.

It does sort of beg the question, with all these similarities to



Marlon Brando (l.) and Ben Kingsley, star opposite André the Giant in *The Little Wife of Kilkenny* at the Princess Leia Theatre this weekend

Full House, why is there such a conspicuous absence of Bob Saget, David Goulet (but there is a cameo from Robert Goulet as a ferocious rat), and John Stamos. Their subtle suburban antics are sorely missed. Can John Hughes be so simple as to overlook such talents as these?

That Michelle, she's so cute for a bug-eyed freakish child, and her three-word sentences (remember when she hid Jesse's

Tom tosses typecast into toilet

by DAVE QUAKER
stiff writer

I had no intentions of attending the Tom Jones concert last week at the Jubilee Crematorium, but the night before the show a mysterious person phoned my apartment and informed me that I had won free front row tickets to the show. Free tickets or not, I was still not too excited about seeing Tom Jones wiggle his dick at me through a pair of tight jeans. Ugly pictures of middle-aged women throwing their underwear at the stage ran through my mind, yet for some strange reason I felt as though I had to see the show.

Before the show started everything seemed normal enough but once the curtain began to rise it became obvious that something strange was about to take place. The house lights dimmed and as the curtain rose a giant cloud crept out from beneath it, then several bizarre figures emerged from the smoke. Who could these people be, I wondered.

The strange figures crept out onto the stage as grotesque green and red lights began to illuminate them. I could not believe my eyes! Standing not five feet away was Tom Jones wearing the most demonic mask I had ever seen; to his right Nanna Mouskouri in face paints and a fur bikini, to his left Pat Boone and Roger Wittkar both adorned with various pieces of armor, chain, and what appeared to be rancid meat. Tom grabbed the mike and screamed "Tonight we pay tribute to the greatest band Antarctica has ever known! Tonight we are GWAR! On your knees, slaves!"

With that the music started up. "Black and Huge" began to echo through the crematorium as Tom ripped open his head and hurled pieces of his brain at the audience. A 45-year old woman to my left vomited repeatedly after a piece of Tom's brain flew down the front of her dress. Some people tried to run for the exits but Wittkar and Boone leapt from the stage and beat the escapees into submission with huge wooden mallets.

Tom's Oderus Rex impersonation was flawless, at one point in the show a man dressed as President Bush came on stage. Tom garroted his head clean off with the microphone cord and then anally violated his headless corpse with a large replica of a cruise missile. One woman in the audience defied Tom's new look by running down to the stage and hurling her panties at Tom's feet. To his credit, Tom stayed in character, walked over to the edge of the stage, and opened his pants to reveal a huge prosthetic penis placed over his already bulging crotch. With just a few tugs of his latex member Tom showered the women with literally gallons of imitation semen.

The highlight of the evening had to be Wittkar and Boone slowly mutilating each other with machetes as Tom did his rendition of "Slaughterama." Special hoses rained blood down on us from the ceiling, making the Jube look like a British outpost after the Zulu's invasion. Mouskouri was not about to let the boys steal the show, she threw herself to the ground and began to thrash about as she pulled a mutated child from between her legs. The baby's head spun around several times before it started to hurl green mucus at the already horrified audience, some of the slime flew up into the balcony hitting a mother and her young daughter, who passed out all most immediately.

After almost two hours of acts which I can not even begin to describe, the group announced it was time for their last number, "Sick of You." Tom sang the first half of the song before he ripped an arm off of Bush's corpse and started beating Mouskouri to hell and back with it. Once he had finished, she lay in a pool of blood and vomit, while Tom marched out to the end of the stage and raised his bloodied hands in the air just as the entire set exploded. Bits of Tom and the others were everywhere. I found part of Boone's finger in my shirt pocket several days later.

On the walk home I could hardly believe what had just happened, was it real? And if so, what had driven Tom to change his style in such a dramatic fashion? The only thing I know for sure is that I'm definitely going to check out Lawrence Welk next time he's in town. This could be something of a trend.

wedding ring from her uncle and said "You gettin warmer.") are the height of polite good humour.

John Hughes, the director, seems to have some talent for atmosphere, but *Full House*, this is not.

MOVIES ON TV THIS WEEKEND! Page 12

ALL GROWED UP

Money is the least of Dan Andrushak's worries, considering how much Dan Andrushak's Ford is worth. "I've been sitting on my ass finishing high school waiting for my ship to come in, failing all my classes cuz I'm too worried about the million dollar inventory I've got to unload. But I still couldn't get a date for grad."



PEOPLE IN THE NUDE



UNIVERSITY HI-JINX

During University Night, an event on the U of A campus celebrating the achievements of students and staff, one of the honoured guests had perhaps a bit too much champagne and delivered her address sans trousers. Karen Unlandhoffer, editor-in-chief-elect of the *Getaway*, decided to do her bit for national unity by having a Canadian flag tattooed on her posterior. Unfortunately, she wouldn't confide the location of her fleur-de-lis.



FOREVER YOUNG

Sporting her new blonde coiffure and an eye-popping bustier, Hollywood's favorite child drug-addict and attention desperate daughter of John Barrymore, Drew exposes her good taste in the latest issue of *Bust* magazine. As to whether she's taken Spike Lee's offer to appear in *Malcolm X* seriously, she confided to a friend, "only if he gives me enough money."



DEMI READY TO CONFESS

After admitting to reporters that her photo for the cover of *Vanity Fair* earlier this year was a hoax, Demi Moore said it was the easiest thing she's done to make money in years. "I's been getting a little fat," she told a friend, "and I thought, hey, why not capitalize on this. Everyone's a sucker for a pregnant woman. So I just ate and ate and got naked and, well, I got so much attention that Spike Lee cast me as Winnie Mandela in his new film, *MALCOLM X*."



BIG BREAK PEE-WEE

If you thought Pee-Wee Herman, aka Paul Rubens, got a lucky break when he got laid in *BIG TOP PEE-WEE*, that ain't nothing compared to the offer Spike Lee gave him for appearing in *Malcolm X*.



X. "Gee, it's my big break, playing *Malcolm X*," gushed Pee-Wee. "I just wish I knew who he was, herk herk herk."



JAMIE'S GOT A GUN

"I've had enough of being chased around a burning set by a psycho with a machete," says star of *MY GIRL*, Jamie Lee Curtis. "I would like more roles like the one I was lucky to have co-starring with McCauley Caulkin. He's such a dynamic little character actor. I learned so much from him. Really, the entire time I was working on the Halloween movies I was praying for my big break to ride on the shirttails of some fantastic little Hollywood genius."

done. good. join us, no brains required.

DEWEY'S
BAR • DELI
HUB MALL

P.S. We're not going anywhere for the summer.

Prime Time/Pay TV

Thursday / April 16

S	V	6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30	11:00	11:30
2	2	Creamy House		Movie: Fuck My Aching Tits				Anal Intruder		Jerk the Fatpig		CTU Nude	
3	11	NBC Nude		Bruno	Relic	Star Trek		The Next Generation		Star Trek Cartoons		Spock Look-Alikes	
5	4	CBC Alberto Nude		Negro Comedy Hour		Celebrity Bowling		Cats	My Butt	Nationalist/Urinal		Movie: Darkies!	
6	6	CBS Nude	Dead Bitch		What's Sticky?		Clean It!	Who's Crippled Now?		Jerusalem gameshow		Movie: Burn Them!	
7	7	RBC Nude		Into the Oven		Bald Pass	Let's Be It!	My Friend Feltie		Don	Skinjob	Deep Space Cats	
8	8	ITV Nude	MASH	Look! Soel Run!		Hypersphincter		The Atul Hour		Cats	Papa, Don't!	Dorkfest	
9	9	Inner Ear Infection		Exercise w/Orson Welles		Diplomatic Dog		My Friend Feltie		My Dog Colligule		Excrement Carnival	
10	10	Crotch City		Cats	Will it Burn?	Septic Bible Funk		Rachel and Pam Show		Name That Semen		Spitting for Cash	
12	12	Co GWRD	Poisson	Chats	News Downes Toucher		Les Chiens Morts		Pus	Cinema: Regarde! Le ciel est toujours jaune!			
13	13	Pledgeathon							Dr. Who	Pledgeathon			
15	29	Country Nude		Wats	Nicks	Grouseville in the Mist		The Udder Truth		Bodeo Wagon		Movie: Blazing Smog	
21	23	Much Nude		Ball of Tense		Spotlight: Right Dead Fred						Movie: Blue Vasectomy	
27	14	Gilligan	Papa, Don't!	Your Mom . . . Naked!		Excrement Carnival		Playtime w/Seke		Degressi Ghetto		Cell-Block Degressi	
32	19	Dorkfest		Tits up!	Movie: Foreskin Hygiene Horror			Kite Hour		Mime Pollution		Animal Fuck Hour	
SUP		Movie: It's Time For Hair				Movie: Cabbage Gladiators				Documentary: Snakes Do It Too!			
WFUK		Movie: Dumb People		Movie: The Silthoring				Movie: Bobbie Does the Smurfs				Movie: Necrodog	

Tonight



ON TV: Once again, the best things in life are free. For example, tonight on *Animal Fuck Hour* on Channel 32 at 11:00 pm, witness the genesis of Squirrel-Girl and her lithe chicken friends.

candy meets two drunks



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Nouveau Gumby Chic

by PH Gumby

Springtime is when a young Gumby's thoughts turn to bashing two bricks together. It's also means trying out a new wardrobe to improve your look and make a positive statement and all that fashion bullshit rhetoric.

GIRL MAGNET!

MC Gumby goes casual with overalls from Georgie Armani (\$3.5 M), a cotton t-shirt from Beaver Gocart (\$10 grand) and Doc Martin rubber boots (\$1.49) "I WANT TO PICK UP CHICKS WITH MY OVERALLS!" asserts MC.



SNAZZY SUMMERTIME

FW DeGumby enjoys a loose rayon acetate sports shirt in anticipation for those hot summer days on the beach looking for half licked Fudgesicles. "SUNSHINE HURTS MY BRAIN!" he says. From the Jack Freezer collection (\$3000)

OFFICE OO-LA-LA

"HULLOO? DOCTOR? MY BRAIN HURTS!" says DP Gumby, wearing a cotton denim shirt from Dolt Renfrew (\$175) and a silk tie courtesy of Clubbed Monaco (\$325) — formal yet comfortable, perfect for the office and all those nubile secretaries.

Things are bad, so ask me for stupid answers

Letting go isn't easy, so just don't

DEAR SCABBY: My 32 year old daughter "Geraldine" has been seeing her boyfriend "Myron" for 8 years now and they plan to be married in the fall. We were simply delighted when we heard, but I almost swallowed my teeth when she told me they want to move in together next month in order to save money for the wedding. This leads me to believe they have begun to be "intimate." Scabby, as a God-fearing, Bible-thumping parent, I find sex before marriage simply appalling. I thought I'd passed on my virtuous values to Geraldine, but obviously she has strayed from the flock. What should I do?

ANAL IN ARKANSAS

DEAR ANAL: Lock the little slut in her room until she learns to control her bestial desires. You should also get some counselling for yourself and your family to learn to cope with the trauma of her animalistic copulations. In the meantime, give Geraldine my booklet "Dear Scabby's Guide to Keeping Your Legs Locked."

DEAR SCABBY: I married my husband "Ted" four years ago. We were so happy, even though I'm unable to have children due to my hyperlipoproteinemia. Lately, however, he's lost all interest in having sex with me, preferring instead to sit around and masturbate to horror movies such as "Silence of the Lambs," and "Barn of the Naked Dead." He comes home very late with blood on his hands and clothes, deep scratches on his face and inner thighs, and hair under his fingernails. He's also taken to storing human body parts in the freezer downstairs which leaves no room for my pot roasts and macaroni casseroles. When he leaves at night he says he's just going out to get a snack but I suspect that there is something more going on. Scabby, I'm deeply disturbed and the blood stains on the carpet are beginning to bother me, do you think I should leave him, or am I just imagining things?

CONCERNED IN COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA

DEAR CONCERNED: Stick with it and get yourself some counselling. This may be just a phase and, as his wife, you should weather out this storm with him. You may want to send in for my free pamphlet "Living With a Mass Murderer," it has helpful meal suggestions, tips on coping with distressed friends and family of the deceased at social occasions and holidays, and what to tell the kids when Daddy has to run from the law. Good luck dear!

DEAR SCABBY: I'm sick and tired of all these uppity women who have forgotten their places. They come to my campus and think that they are actually as capable of learning as men! The

DEAR SCABBY



nerve! They are taking positions in my chemistry classes away from deserving and eager young boys, with tasty little bums, ... ahem... anyway, if some of these young sluts don't watch out they're going to get themselves raped or killed or something. They should be at home in the kitchen having babies where they aren't provoking men into teaching them a lesson or two. These young girls should take this as a warning.

DR. G. FREEONLYMEN IN ALBERTA, CANADA

DEAR SIR: Bravo! You couldn't be more correct! It's disgusting the way young girls behave nowadays. In my day we wouldn't have thought of usurping a man's power and still expecting to get dates! Fine men like you should be commended!

DEAR SCABBY: Our boss, "Maurice", is a lazy dumbfuck who really hasn't got a clue. He spends most days in the bar and when he comes back he proceeds to tell us how to do our work without having any idea of how the job is done. This man is overpaid and underworked. When he tries to do any real work he inevitably screws it up and leaves it to us to fix. Maurice often brings his wife to work and the two of them try to convince many of the employees to join them in their jaded sexual acts. Some have even participated for fear of being fired. When he doesn't have a beer in his hand he's reading cheap, trashy novels in his office. Often he reads the "juicy" parts aloud for the rest of the office to "enjoy." Our workplace is a shambles! We've had it Scabby! What should we do?

HASSLED IN HOBOKEN

DEAR HASSLED: Shoot him in the head, no jury will convict.

DEAR SCABBY: I am an eternal being. I am all things and all places. I had a little column in *The Gateway* a while back. Maybe you read it. No...?

Anyway, they canned me. Me! I could have destroyed them in an instant, and they pulled my column. I gave advice no being with limits could, and they decided I was taking up too much room and that I was losing steam. I could have obliterated them, consumed them, thrown them screaming into the darkest pits of my meta-existence.

Or so I thought. But when I tried to use my power, power so great that the word loses meaning, power in which will and effect were simultaneous, I found myself limited. I couldn't tear off a wet band-aid after a swim in a public pool. I was no longer omnipotent. I was no longer omniscient. I didn't even know how to get the Caramilk in the Caramilk bar. Someone asked me a question and I hadn't known the answer for all eternity. I couldn't predict Stanley Cup games.

So now I'm washed up. A loser. A divine fall, from a numinous all-existence to a stinky drunk who squanders the last of his prescience at the track, hoping for the day his horse—he who had been so above horses that the word, sound, idea and reality of a horse had been the same to him—hoping for the day his horse would come in.

In a word, I'm bummed.

YOG-SOTHOTH, THE KEY AND THE GATE, EATER OF SOULS, HE WHO DWELLS BETWEEN

DEAR YOG: I suggest you take up a hobby, there's nothing like stamp collecting to take your mind off that omnipotence. A talk with your parish priest would probably be beneficial. Send for my free booklet "Dear Scabby's Guide to Falling From Divinity, Coping with AIDS, and Living with Impotence." Chin up! Write again and let me know how you're doing.

DEAR SCABBY: I have a very big problem, and I can assure you that I have sought counselling with Leo Brusaglia and Robert Bly to solve it, but to no avail. You see, I love you. I masturbate to the thought of your motherly hands caressing me, and.... I just don't know.... Are you free tomorrow?

GUTLESS BOVINE IN NEEDAHUG, MISS.

DEAR BOVINE: It sounds to me like you are a man with a very serious problem. I can understand your attraction to me, older women are very appealing but you must not reach for unattainable prizes. I am a famous, omnipotent personality and you are only worthless scum. You need to seek some serious help, your only solution lies in the continuing guidance of daily columns of mine and my sister, Annie Blanders. Keep reading and don't lose hope!

Not Khan-stipated:

More verbal diarrhea
about Notgretzky's
curling escapades
- See Page 16

Sports



Pens Pekin'
in time
for
MBHL
playoffs
- See Page 15

Kristiescores! ...and the Oilys are glad to have her

BIG DICK CHUBBY



Well, I'll be hog-washed.

Olympic and World figure skating champion Kristie Yamaha-Gucci has been signed by the NHL's Edmonton Oilys.

"This all started when I saw the movie *The Cutting Edge*," Yamaha-Gucci said. "I figured that if a hockey player can become a figure skater why can't a figure skater become a hockey player."

Good popcorn!

I thought the movie was okay. It did not inspire me to play hockey, but I did have a great extra large bucket of popcorn that was memorable.

Yamaha-Gucci has been scrimmaging for two weeks and is starting to see vast improvements in all aspects of her game. Not only has she learned to only spit when the camera is on her, she has learned to fall once and a while when skating to draw penalties. With the falling she had help from a specialist in the field.

"The Honorary Captain of the Oilys is Kurt Yellowing. He gave me great pointers on how to fall when everyone is watching," Gucci said.

Not only has Yellowing been supportive of Yamaha-Gucci's shot at the big league, so has Olympic gold medalist Karen Mee-Gardner.

"Karen called me up the other day with support. She was supposed to do the same thing with the Cowgary Shames but since they did not make playoffs, she was shut out."

Real butter!

Yeah, how about those Shames. Out of the playoffs. What a bunch of losers they are. The only thing I will miss about the Suttledome is the great popcorn they make and top with real butter, not that edible oil product they use at the Great Western



Fiveum.

Between meals I drove over to the Callouseum and talked with General Manager Slaps Sater about his newest recruit.

"She can skate, can't she?" growled Sater. "She can also spin. Dennis Savage's spin-o-rama will be nothing when she does a camel or sit spin. As well, the NHLPA has no pay grid for women, so I can pay her whatever I want. It is tough times for Canadian teams. Money doesn't grow on trees. This is a business..."

Sater just went on and on about money and stuff. I started to think about whether to order in pizza or chinese for my coffee break.

Yamaha-Gucci will take the place of Patsy Klimah on the

Pizza or chinese?

wing wearing number 92. She will be wearing a special

Kristie Yamaha-Gucci will wear number 92 for the Oilys and should camelspin her way to success in the NHL. The move came after K Yamaha-Gucci saw the ice inspiring movie *The Cutting Edge*.

uniform and equipment. Instead of hockey pants, Kristie will wear a protective skirt, and the numbers and crest on her jersey will be sequined. As well she will be sporting a new hair colour.

"To make myself more acceptable to my teammates I decided to dye my hair blonde. I understand the new trend is white bread," Y-Gucci said.

White bread should be the trend. That horrible healthy brown bread is just gross.

Saturday's playoff game against the LaOilers will make history and almost be as good as the buffet at Chumps dining lounge.

By the way: How did she learn English so well? Why did she change her name from Midori Ito? I wonder if she could cook me up some sweet and sour chicken balls?

Oilygrubgruesome!!!

LA., King of food service; Me, King of buffet table

Something's got to change at Northlands.

It's just not the same anymore. It's been 40 games of Oily hockey this season. Now, we're just days from playoffs. And it's about time something changed.

No, I'm not talking about Patsy Klimah. And no, I'm not talking about head coach Teddy Screems.

I'm talking about Northlands Calousseum service. Haven't you noticed? And aren't you fed up.

Sure, the popcorn's great, the best in the league except for the stuff at the Suttledome in Cowgary. I should know, Chubby and I split at least six buckets a game.

But what about how to get it. Shouldn't there be less hassle and more convenience? Isn't that what owning a franchise is all about? Isn't that what paying rent is all about?

Peter, something should be done.

Hooray for jumbo fudge sticks!!

At the Great Western Fiveum in L.A., the service is top rate. Margueritas, popcorn, and jumbo fudge sticks right to your seat. No waiting, no hassle. The only complaint is that they don't use real butter. Instead, edible oil product seems to be the way in L.A.

That can be overlooked. After all, food is food!

Thank God the Kings have home-ice advantage for round

SCARY BONES



**"If the service doesn't
shape up, I'll take my
business elsewhere."**

one. There's nothing like watching Wayne skate circles around the Oiler defensemen while chawing on a foot-long chili and cheese dog.

No offense, Peter, but Northlands doesn't compare. Maybe, you're right, the rent is a little too high, but only because of the lousy service.

Less stairs, more food

And in L.A., the media buffet table is within rolling distance

of the press table. You feel like sucking on a chicken wing or a drumstick. No problems. One push of the chair backwards and it's seventh heaven. Every pressbox should accommodate so comfortably.

At Northlands, it's not the same. Too many stairs to reach the media buffet centre. One can only handle so much exercise in a single day.

And for God's sakes, the preparation ladies take the food away much too fast. Take your time. Third and fourth helpings are always hard to come by at Northlands.

And well I'm at it. What about some sort of leftover food system to promote positive media support? Wrap the remaining grub on trays and leave it at the press door to take home for a snack while we're watching the highlights of the Kings crushing the Oilers.

But then again, that may be too much to ask. Not even the Fiveum offers that.

Shape up or I'll take out!

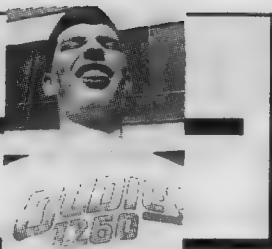
What the Fiveum offers is far better than Northlands. It's a fact that only one helping of food need prove. The service is better. The food is more abundant.

I hate to do this Peter. But the time has come. As much as I love to criticize the Oilys, food is much more important to me.

If the service doesn't shape up, I'll take my business elsewhere.

WASTE

MT.GOMMERY



Yes, I am God!

Is it just me, or are the sports franchises in Edmonton losing their loyalty? We all know that the Skimos really damaged their franchise when they took the radio rights away from me.. I mean, CFRN. I was great! Why can't they guarantee me a job as the play-by-play announcer like they did to the golden throated Robme Phillips? It reminds me of the time I was fired by those lousy crumbs at 630 CRUD.

Self-indulgent blather

I was out at the Fat Beer Drinker Curling Club on the weekend with my granddaughter. My fantastic curling squad wiped out Kevin Martin and his Canadian championship rink, 12-1. After we stole two in the second, blah blah blah blah blah, shot rock, blah blah blah blah blah draw to the button.

Next week, I will grace the Overweight Guzzlers Curling Club with my presence, as well as bringing along my sidekick, Tricky Scott. Now, Tricky can't curl a lick, so he will be leading the sacrificial lambs who get to be dusted by me. My strategy is to out-turn, blah blah blah, sweep, blah blah blah, take-out game, blah blah blah.

Moreself-indulgent blather

Because I think that my knowledge of the horse races far outstrips any of your simple minds, I will now give you the benefit of my "unbridled" wisdom (that's funny; laugh!). Go see my picks at Northlands, and marvel at my brilliance. In the second, I pick Flying Schmoe, because that was my nickname for a long time. In the fifth, I take Mr. Quack, because his name contains the call letters of one of the many stations I was fired from (CQRK). In the eighth, I suggest you waste your money on Likeahouseonfire, because the word fire has special meaning to me. Good luck.

Last of the self-indulgent blather

Please listen to my show, pleasepleaseplease. At my age, I don't think getting fired would be good for my heart. But even if you don't listen, make sure you have a good door jamb.

Results

Millwoods Ball Hockey League playoffs

Curry Conference

Yellow Cab Division

Calcutta Canucks vs Winnipeg Won-Tons

Kanpur Kings vs Edmonton Egg Plants

7-11 Division

Bombay Blackhawks vs St. Louis Sweet 'n'

Sour Shrimp

Ravinder's Red Wings vs New Delhi North Stars

Communist Conference

University TA Division

Cantonese Canadiens vs Hartford Hot Pots

Beijing Bruins vs Shanghai Sabres

Family Grocery Division

Peking Penguins vs Confucius Capitals

Rangoon Rangers vs Delhi Devils

Watch the Playoffs on the Community Channel, number 10 on your dial. The MBHL playoffs are proudly sponsored by Kurry in a Hurry, your local 7-11 dealer, and Molsonsjeet Breweries - makers of fine mango drinks and soy products.

Friday late summary

New Delhi 5, Peking 5

FIRST PERIOD

1. Pek - Yi 52 (Yee, Yui) 3:31 (en)

2. Pek - A. Wong 67 (B. Wong, C.Wong) 6:2

3. N.D. - D. Singh 43 (E. Singh, F Singh) 7:14

SECOND PERIOD

4. Pek - Ching 20 8:14(Cheech, Chong)

5. N.D. - Kordeep 34 (InderDEEP, Sandeep)

6. Pek - a water buffalo 7 (Li, Lee) 14:40 (pp)

THIRD PERIOD

7. N.D. - Srindar 23 (Ravinder, Harbinder)

8. Pek -Leung 34Cheung, Zheung) 15:14

9. N.D. - Korjeet 14 (Davepal, a cow) 16:52

9. N.D. - Davepal 81 (Rajpal, Majpal) 24:24

OVERTIME - not played

Goal - Pek: Chow (30/35) ND: a three-legged goat (40/45)

Well OK. I should be in covering of our native Edmonton Egg Plants, but I was not in possessing a pass of the press.

However, I was being in good fortune to be attending a regular season rematch of last year's Yellow Cab Cup. Yes getting into Millwoods indoor cricket pitch, otherwise known as the CurryDome, disguised as goat was fun. The crowd was being at full capacity at six Indian people, two cows, eight Chinese people, as well as Mr. Dragon and three of those water buffalo things, and me, the goat.

Yi was in opening the score by throwing his stick at defenseman E. Singh's head and then kicking ball in open net. Then the infamous Wong trio unwrapped F. Singh (they took off his turban) and connected to be making tally 2-0. E. and F. Singh along with brother D. Singh were very much in getting their revenge when they opened package of Ichiban

DANJEET
BARNESPAL

noodles at center ice. While Peking squad ate noodles D. Singh shafted shot by goalie Robert Chow, so it be 2-1.

In the second period, there was much having of violence. Ching taunted Delhi mascot /goalie, who was also in form of goat, into coming out of net with salt lick. Ching then was potting in goal to make game 3-1. After, though, Ching was sidelined for the season when Mr. Goat rammed him into pot of curry at the 7-11 concession stand.

This seemed to turn game round, because Kordeep then scored. His linemates Inderdeep and Sandeep were not in touching the puck, but were getting assist because they moved the net so Kordeep could score. Peking was in getting another tally when a unknown water buffalo jumped onto floor and ate all player's sticks and scored on Mr. Goat.

Second period intermission was fun with Dana Carvey being granted high honor, Order of Millwoods, for stripping Sharon Stone on National TV with his excellent Indian accent. He has been knighted Sir Danapal Carvey-Singh.

This ceremony and the ref's rigor mortis (he was shot after the first) in most definite terms spurred the New Delhi team onwards. Srindar immediately scored cutting deficit to 4-3. The linesman was saying no goal because Srindar jumped on before everyone else, but Srindar stabbed Mr. Linesman and the goal stood. Then with small quantity of time remaining in game, Leung seemed to put game out of reach by humming tune by Ravi Shankar. When the Delhi squad dropped to meditate, Leung slap shot in by befuddled Mr. Goat and score was 5-3. But New Delhi was not in being outdone on this evening. A clever trick by Davepal with there being four minutes left on clock, resulted in goal by Korjeet.

Davepal dumped a bunch of rackets on floor and in

instant Peking team was into a triples game of badminton, clearing ice for Korjeet.

Then since timing device (guy counting) was broken (guy was killed), Delhi had extra seven minutes to notch tying goal.

And they were in doing so, with Davepal tying plastic explosives to the Peking team bench during time out.

He then scored on empty net as time running out and blew up bench anyway. But the bomb was a dud, spraying soy sauce all over the Peking crew. Sadly, there was not being any time for overtime as Peking team had to be rushed to Ming's Family Diner to garnish all the meals for that evening.

Now I must be going quickly to the Spiceland Kash and Karry three stars. Each star win the year's supply of yellow paint for cab and new dagger or wok of their choice.

I be bidding you good-bye.

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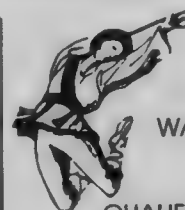
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KHAN NOTGRETZKY



Say. It seems like curling's gotten to be the brunt of a lot of jokes these days. Nyet nyet Soviet.

Fact is, writing curling's a great way to meet women. Met my wife that way. Can she play the bagpipes!

Not that the game's so difficult to understand. A lot of people call it shuffleboard on ice. Bastards. The bottom line? There is none.

But there are still unanswered questions. How can a game featuring the talents of a bunch of 40 year olds, most of them fat and limping, provide a high-energy entertainment-demanding cable-TV watching audience with enough excitement to keep even a tribble awake? How can the dull exploits of men with gruff voices wearing brown woolen sweaters yelling the same monosyllabic phrase (I don't know what they're saying!) over and over again, while their little monkey-boy junkies sweep, sweep the cold steely frosted sheets in an effort to send a big stone down the throats of their asleep enemies even dare to believe that they, the dull exploits, are more worth watching

Curling: beers & babes

than, say, skin on the french channel?

Right then. The point of all of this? Is there one? Absolutely. Curling is good for one thing and one thing only.

Beer.

Being one of the thinner sports writers here at the Scum, there's enough pressure put on me to build up my gut to send a Cylon crying home to momma. The bottom line? Absolutely. Be fat or get out.

Sitting around drinking LaBatt's all day, taking notes every six hours or so can really build a comrade up.

And I'll tell you one thing. Putting the friggin' time limit on the matches only screws me more. How? Who knows? All I do know is that my editor is getting pissed off that I'm using too many adjectives. Keep it up, and I'm dead. No more donuts. Bones.

Anyway, as is likely obvious, I've been sitting here in the dark putting back as much beer as I can. Gotta get that gut up.

My smartass son thinks that he can outdrink me. He's a little fairy anyway. One day, after my final shitty curling gig, I'll show him.

I'll get out of this piss-assed little shithole and- shtaw? Better go.

COLLECTOR'S CORONARY

MURRAY

GAG



Hot New Cards for the Upcoming Year

- Well, it looks like another good year for cards. The best prospect this year is the 1992 Steven Yi, which is out from Young Studs Cards. He batted an unprecedented .480 for the Oakland A's last year with 161 RBI's and 53 homers. Nicknamed 'The Korean Natural', he effectively knocked Rickey Henderson out of a job. Also, he was the only player in the majors to run a lap around Kevin Mitchell in under ten seconds. If you look carefully on his card, there's a cuss word on the bottom of his bat, which drives up the value of the card (I'm sure it was accidental). This card can be bought for \$20, but will be worth at least \$600,000 in about a month. If you see it, buy a handful.

Young Studs



Steven Yi of

'Hot, Hot, Hot'

- Another card worth looking at is the Terri Yaki card from Potts. If you look carefully in the stands, you'll see a guy in a red sweater. He's Wayne Gretzky's next door neighbor's cousin (twice removed). Having him in the picture increases the card's value from two cents to 50 bucks. A good investment.

'On Fire'

- Poor Set has released their New York Mets "Wanted Felons" subset. Beautiful mug-shots make this a collector's item.

'Yowsa, Yowsa, Yowsa'

- It was nice to see Cheap Seats Cards release their "Speared In The Groin" series. This ten card subset has various players in various modes of pain. Included is a special card showing Nick Fotlu losing a testicle. And one randomly inserted pack will contain his actual autographed testicle. Get 'em before they're gone.

\$100 REWARD

if you are moving out of a 3-bedroom house or upper floor of a house in the University area, and with your help I am able to rent it.

Call Marilyn at 430-8609.

*Krusty the Klown's PORNO EMPORIUM

"Where the sportos cum to play"



Mmmmm Kandil!
melts in your mouth
and in your hand!

Big Dicki Miki!
Yes, she does
have a penis!



Porn. Not just for breakfast anymore!

no joke sale

15% off entire stock

all the music you heard at
dewey's, and more.

7 days only
friday april 17th - friday april 24th

SOUTHSIDE SOUND
10362-82 avenue

Mon - Sat 10-10
Sun 12-5
(open all Easter weekend)

Thirsty?

How about
Friday?

How about
4 p.m.?

SUB 230

RATT or
Powerplant?

U decide.

I thirsty!

GRAND
RE-OPENING



Hair 4U
On Whyte

PERMS: \$39.00
COLORS: \$22.00

10456-82 Avenue
439-6006

Spring Move-in Incentive Varscona Tower

- ★ 2 Weeks Free Rent*
- ★ 3 Months Free Parking*
- ★ Move in Allowance of \$150*

- Fully Renovated Large 1 and 2 Bedroom Suites
 - Laundry Facilities on Every Floor
 - All Utilities Included
 - Large Balconies
 - Full Size Refinished Pool
 - Walking Distance to Campus
 - One Block from Safeway
- Ph: 439-3886 for viewing
11007-83 Ave.

* With 6 month lease

CANDEMA
PROPERTY
MANAGEMENT

03/19/92

WHAT THE HELL?????

Gold: \$406
Silver: \$4.21
Bronze: Jamaica
Did Not Qualify: The Canadian Men's downhill team

Business

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOUR LIFE?

TODAY'S MONEY TIP

\$2 = pink
\$5 = blue
\$10 = purple
\$20 = green
\$50 = red
\$100 = brown

I WANNA ROCK!

Yowsa, yowsa, yowsa!

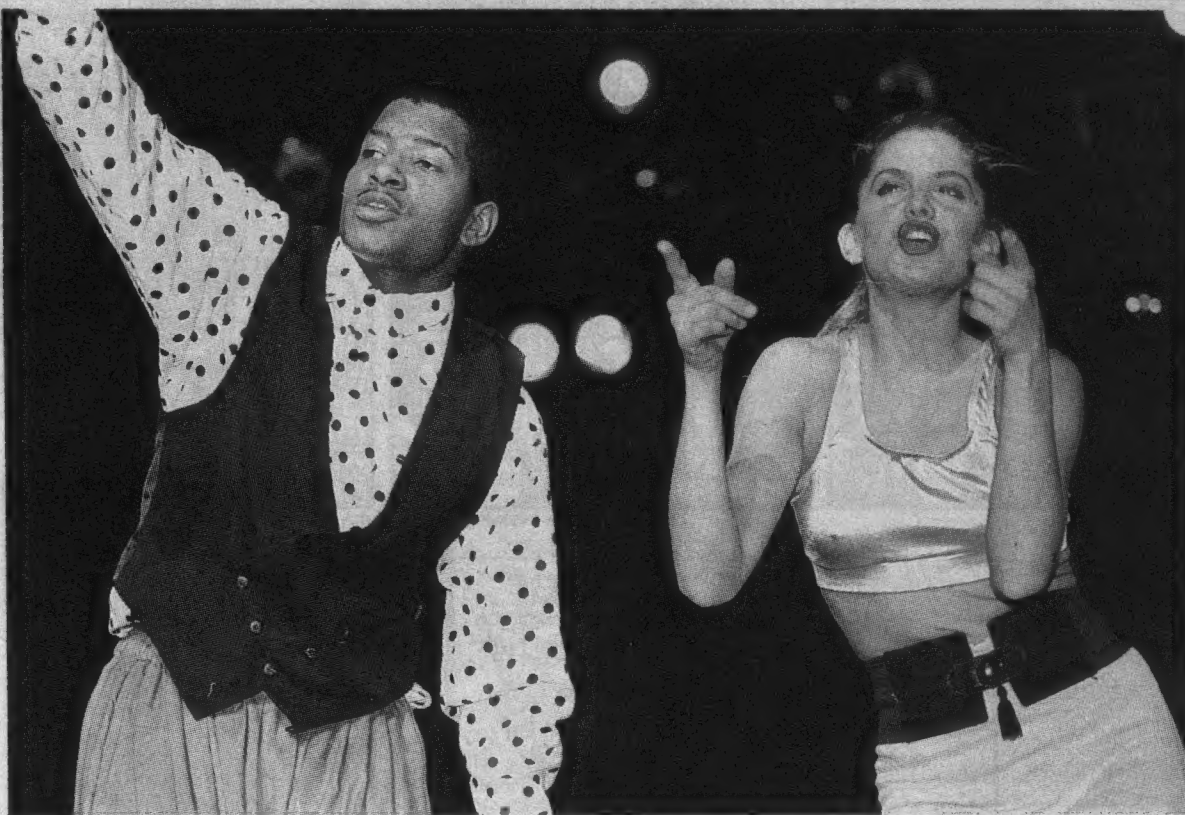


Photo by Ferrier Maman

Young suburban professionals find time to mambo for their local chapter of the Classique Hipsters of Modern Decadence. In just five hours the two twisters pictured here (Kirby and Georgette Force) raised over \$10 000.

ALAN
DUMFUK



A DISSERTATION ON THE GLOBAL ECONOMY

I couldn't land a job with the Financial Post, so I got stuck with **The Scum** business page. That's okay, I never wanted that stinkin' job in the first place. Yeah, yeah, that's right. This job here is just as good. Why, everyday, I'm confronted with financial challenges that this paper offers me (such as: am I getting paid this week?). Anyways, they tell me to editorialize (whatever that means) every once in a while. So, here goes.

- People have been coming up to me, telling me what a red-neck newspaper **The Scum** is. Hey, we just have the balls to say what's what in the world, not like those fairies over at the Edmonton Urinal. They just pretend that strippers and semi-nude women don't exist. Well, let me tell ya, when you read **The Scum**, you read the truth. So there.

- I don't know about you, but this economy really bites the big one. I mean, I went to rent *Fuck My Aching Tits* over at the video store the other day, and it was FIVE BUCKS!!!! I can remember when "adult-fare" was less than three bucks. The Finance Minister (I can't remember his name) better get his ass in gear before the people revolt!

- Free trade is bad, right? (just trying to get it straight).

- By the way, did anyone happen to find my bank card? If you find one with the P.I.N. # 8621, please give it back. I also lost my American Express Card. The number is 3733 298473 124873. The expiry date is April of '94. I need it to pay off my phone-sex bill.

- Something happened on Monday with the provincial budget. But I just bought a Gameboy, so I wasn't paying attention.

- Rumours abound that the University of Alberta went bankrupt and was purchased by Nintendo. If you ask me, who gives a rat's ass?!

COMING TOMORROW

- Soft-core porn: The new gold standard?
- Twenty women economist Adam Smith would like to nail.
- Paying taxes: the Al Capone way!
- Investing in a call-girl.
- How to rip off bank machines.

Kook says fibre bar good for taking a nice, long, solid dump

by ERIC FLUORIDE
Staff Writer

A University of Alberta biology professor, Dr. C. Everett Kook, has created what he calls "... the best thing since sliced bread." This proclamation comes hot off the heels of the recently released Cold Buster bar. But Kook says that his bar is far superior.

"The Colon Buster will enrich far more lives than that silly chocolate bar." He then went on to explain how his Colon Buster works.

"Well, I don't want to get too scientific, but what it does is, it gives a person a lifetime of fibre in a 300 gram bar. It's more

powerful than a bean burrito at Taco Tyme. Pretty cool, huh?"

To Dr. Kook's dismay, the Anarchy Liberation Front has started a campaign protesting the use of all organic and inorganic entities in scientific studies, including the Colon Buster. ALF spokesman Dick Mucho-Limppe said that "... the use of the bran in this product is absolutely unethical. Bran was tested and tortured during the creation of the Colon Buster. It just pisses me right off." When told that bran has no nervous system, he responded "How should I know that? I have an Arts degree." Dr. Kook responded to the attacks by stating "Bite me, you goddamn tree-huggers."

Monster mall has Nada to say about messy law suit Mickey has toilet tirade on judge!

By GLINN KOBASA
Staff Writer

"Nader can go f*** himself," said Mickey Rat about Nada Grimezian at the Edmonton Court of Queen's Bench last Friday.

The trial between the Ditzney and Quadruple Six corporation over the right to use the name "Fannyteasureland" continued last week, but an ugly courtroom brawl ended the trial prematurely, forcing the judge to adjourn and re-schedule the trial.

Sources present at the time say the brawl was caused when an apparently drunken Mickey was led to the witness stand, and started insulting the Quadruple Six corporation. He called the Grimezian brothers "slimy Middle-Eastern greaseballs," accusing the brothers of killing the Shah of Iran and then stealing his money to build a "shitty mall with a shitty theme park with shit rides, selling shit souvenirs and shit corn-dogs."

The Grimezians defended themselves by rushing the witness stand after unanimously agreeing that their Polar Express ride was "the best."

Thomas Paikeday, Quadruple Six's lawyer, said the Ditzney corporation's lawsuit against Quadruple Six was motivated by insecurity.

"They feel very threatened by us using the name of 'Fannyteaserland' because they know that the amusement found at Ditzneyworld could not possibly hope to match the quality of Quadruple Six's rides, like the Zipper."

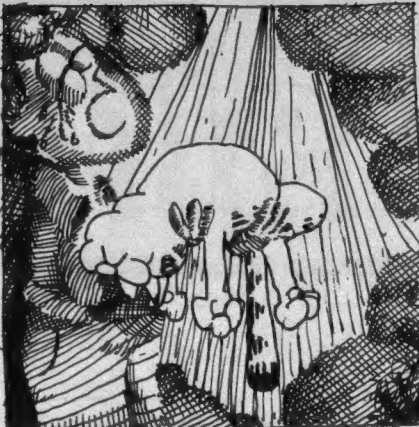
Paikeday argued that Quadruple Six should rightfully use the name "Fannyteaserland" because the technology Ditzney used for their "Star Tours" rides was grossly inferior to the technology to be found on WAM rides like the 'Mindblower'; a ride he claims "only killed ten in all."

Ditzney lawyer Roger Hughes was injured in the brawl, jokingly calling it "Phase Two." Nada Grimezian also received two stitches on his face as well as shots for tetanus and rabies.

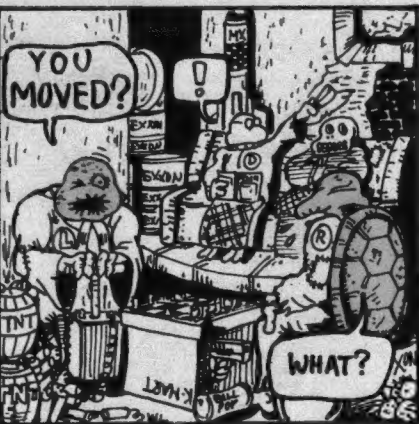
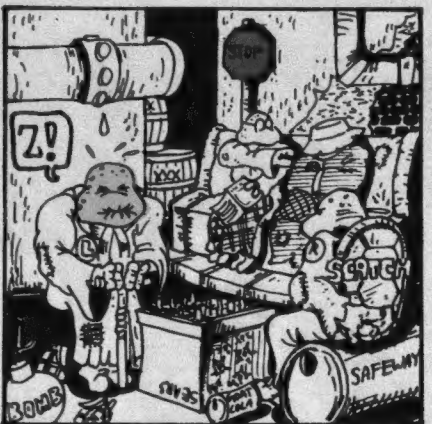
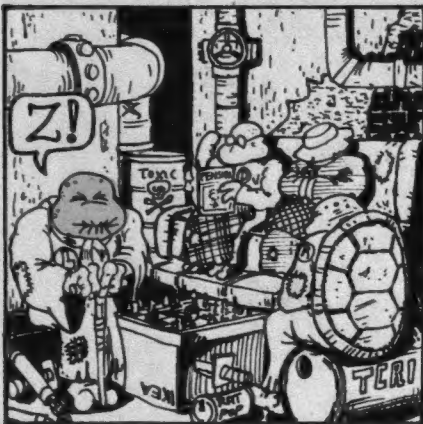
Mickey was fined \$100 000 dollars in contempt of court and was later ejected from the hearing after defecating on the judge's hand.

The trial resumes next week.

CARFIELD



NINJA TORTOISE

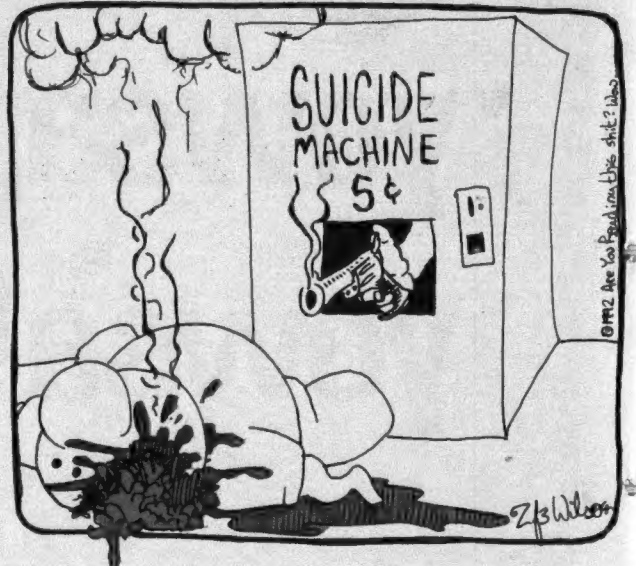


©1992 ANTERUS/DEMENTIA STUDIOS

DUNG BEETLE

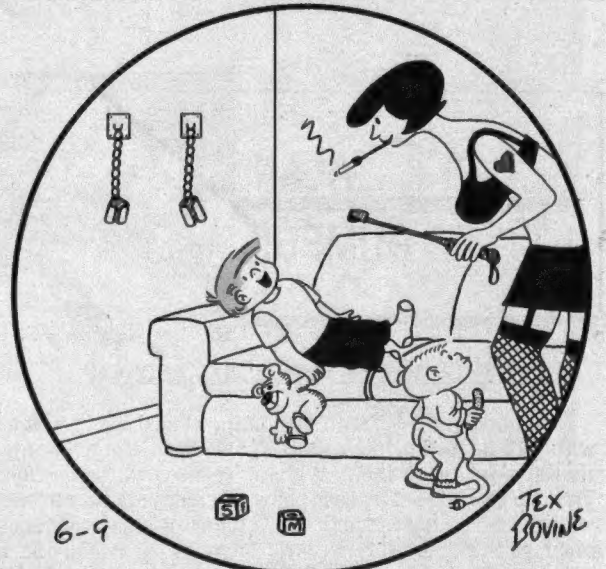


ZICCY



©1992 Dan Yoo/Bedroom Eyes Art & Design

FAMILY CIRCUMCISION



"Can Teddy get a Wild Trouser Wallop too?"

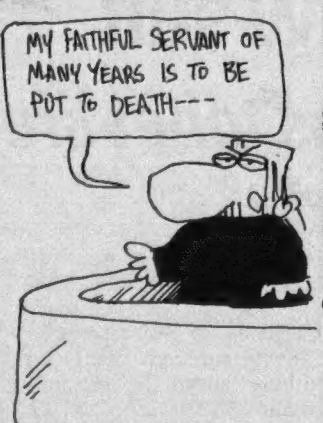
ARCHENEMIE



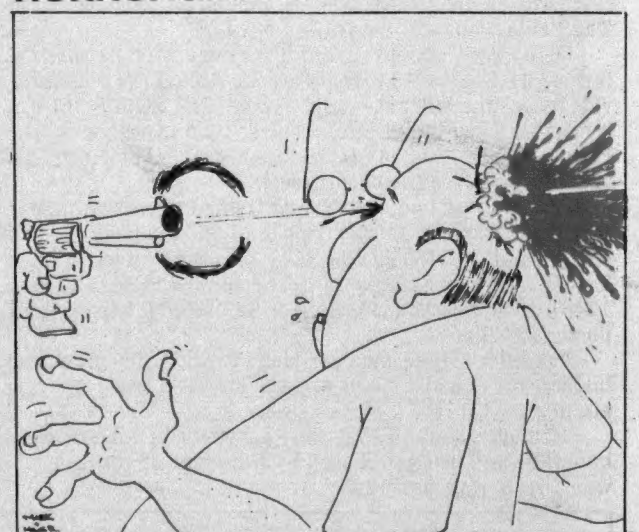
BORN LOST



WIZARD OF EGO



HORRORGROPE



"The long-standing conflict with your spouse will be resolved today"

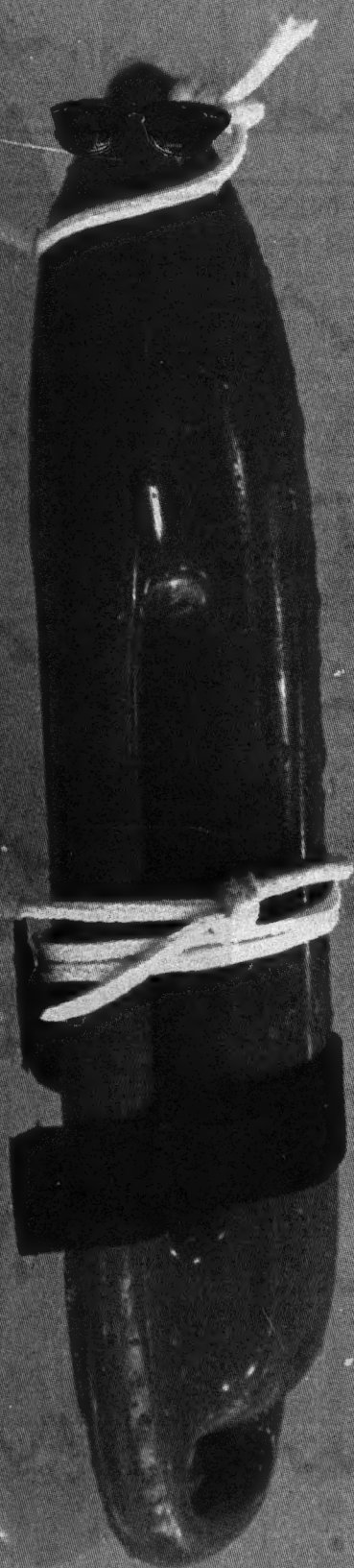
CHRIS WHITLEY

with special guests *Toad the wet sprocket*
Monday, April 20th, Dinwoodie Lounge, SUB, U of A (all ages show)

Classified

Due to the fact that no-one reads our paper, there will be no classifieds today. Actually, everyone seems to have died in the office. It is a mysterious plague which has taken control of our bodies and which is steadily eating at the very fabric of our journalistic nonsense. No wait - everyone is dead. No one is truly alive! Yes, only this classifieds page exists! All of the opinions and articles in this paper must truly be figments of the imagination, as indeed, they are. Whew. Bouting the existensialist monster could conceivably come into the picture. Somewhere out there, there are the memories of the greatest self-absorbance of all. The universe of three lines free.

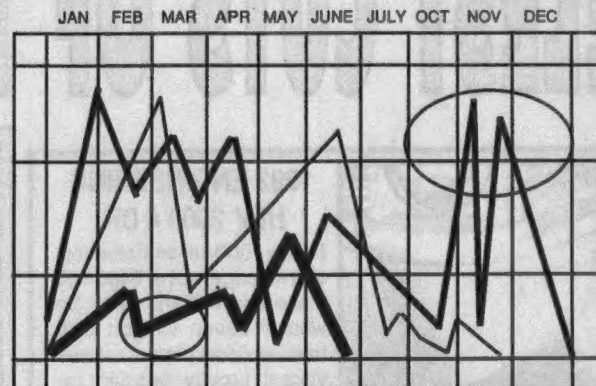
Bob, 21, is a torpedo buoy at the West Pool at the University of Alberta. He enjoys scoping the babes in bikinis at work and hopes to someday work his way up to a job in the ocean.



SHIOO MONES'
SCUMshlne Buoy



BIO HEX



HOW TO USE YOUR CHART

Locate your social insurance number next to the cost of living increase. Your date of birth should correspond with the net fiscal gain for that quarter. Check the tax rate table in section "A" of your GST handbook and multiply by your drivers licence number. This number will be your number of the day.

BIO HEX READOUT:

0-5 Unicycle- Taking the bull by the horns could be dangerous. He'll get pissed off and gore you.
6-10 Tricycle- A stitch in time saves nine, but pancakes taste better with butter & syrup.
11-15 Motorcycle- Good news! Not for you, though. You've had it.

Brought to you by a certain very anonymous type large machinery manufacturer with better (car) selling themes in mind than a belief in any divining method.

AGADIR

Moroccan Dining Without Compromise Fully Licensed

Dinner

Fresh Steamed Mussels Moroccan Style	\$6.75
Zaalouk (Eggplant Salad)	\$3.75
Bastella (The most sensuous dish in Morocco!)	\$12.50

Brochettes

Moroccan Kabobs

Lamb, Beef, Chicken or Seafood	\$7.50 - \$9.50
Moroccan Paella	\$12.50
(Seafood & Chicken Brochettes with Saffron Pimento Rice)	

Couscous

Moroccan Natural Pasta - The traditional dish of Morocco

Lamb, Beef, Chicken, Royal or Vegetarian	\$7.50 - \$9.50
--	-----------------

Tajines

Moroccan Stews in Low Heat

Chicken with Preserved Lemons & Red Olives	\$8.75
Lamb Shanks and Artichokes	\$9.50

Lunch

Couscous of the Day	\$6.50
Romantic Eggs (Kftia Meatball baked with 2 Romantic Eggs)	\$1.75

Moroccan Samosas

Stuffed Filo Pastries

Shrimp, Vegetable or Spinach	\$2.75 - \$1.50
Fresh Steamed Mussels Moroccan Style	\$6.75

Come see our complete menu!

10125 - 104 Street

COUSCOUS HOUSE

POST-SECONDARY
EDUCATION'S #1 CUTSMEISTER

STIFFS YOU WITH
THEIR...

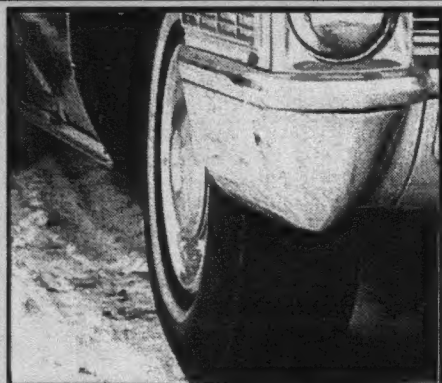
CRUELEST CUTS OF THE YEAR...

1.8 % to
11.7%*

CASH REBATES UP TO
ON SELECTED NEW '92-
'93 COURSE SECTIONS

8 MOS. O.A.C.
ON SELECT NEW
OR '92 COURSE
SECTIONS

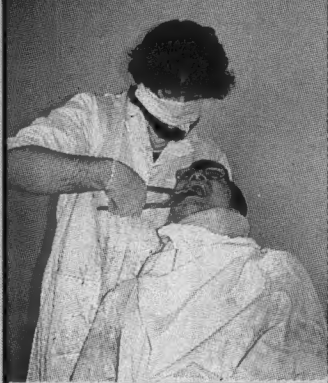
-\$5million
TRIMMED IN SELECTIVE CUTS



1992 ENGINEERING HEV 2000 4 DR.

Nearly 2000 full-time students and a budget cut of \$400 000 make this a primo deal. So what if seven support staff have walking papers, if one vacant faculty position remains unfilled, if teaching loads and class sizes are rather high and less time is given to research.

-\$400,000



1992 DENTISTRY LePLAQUE 4 DR.

It's a dam shame that cuts of \$175 000 have caused Dentistry to harken back to the days of old (as the above picture indicates). In addition to using tools borrowed from maintenance to bridge the gap, they've said "sayonora" to one support staff position and one academic staff position which contributes to less research being done.

-\$175,000

1992 FACULTÉ ST. JEAN ESPECE TABARNACLE 4 X 4

Mon Dieu! \$35 000 chopped and a one way ticket back to Québec from the Getty administration and his lackies has led the 500 full-time students, professors and others to say "Je suis Franco Albertain et tres fier! Mange de la merde Getty!"

-\$35,000



1992 PHYS. ED. ESPRIT 3 DR.

Whad'ya mean "Let them play NINTENDO?" Rumour has it that is what Regressive Minister of Post Nasal Education Jean Vasvas has to say about the 2.5%. Increased work loads on profs and decreased course sections for students. The Golden Bears teams will be one in the style of decathlon (football, soccer, swimming etc all combined into one glorious unbeatable team).

1992 SCIENCE RAMBLADDER LE 4X4

A judo a chop chop chop with \$800 000 trimmed here and there. Since 1991 5000 potential Einsteins and Sagans (Blurp!) have been turned away.

-\$800,000

1992 EDUCATION EOS STATION WAGON Learning ain't as easy as it used to be with skool lunch money being cut \$450 000. Well, there's always driving a cab, digging ditches or piloting a Field Queen.

-\$450 000

1992 AG/FORESTRY JEEP SEDAN NO-DR. Our own Paul Bunyan wields his budget axe to the tune of 3.8%. Tack that on to last year's clear-cutting of the department and you have a department that will be selling Christmas trees this December just to put food on the table for the little sapplings.

1992 LIBRARY HATCHBACK 2 DR.

This streamlined baby has seen \$20 000 chopped back and the introduction of book-burnings to keep enough shelf space for anticipated new acquisitions.

-\$20 000

1992 BUSINESS- CLUB CAB 1631

Slice away \$225 000, eight academic positions over the past five years, the trashing of 30 course selections, use of obsolete computer equipment, slicing materials in the Winspear Reference room and a dramatic, yeah, dramatic increase in business students and you have one of the best Bogtown deals around.

-\$225,000



1992 REHAB. MED. SEDAN

Hello University neighbors. I'm so glad we're together again. Can you say \$70 000. I knew you could. Rehab. can't 'cause they don't have it which leads to the conclusion they also won't have the necessary equipment and supplies for the 500+ full-time students to, like, help people not be sick. It's a beautiful day in the neighborhood...NOT!

-\$70,000

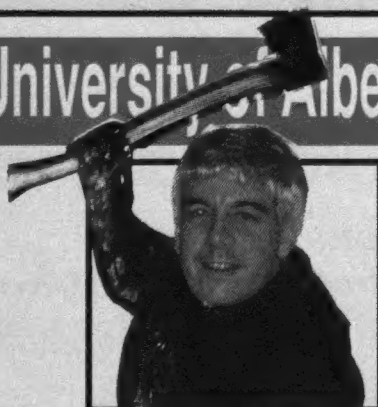
1992-93 ARTS 4830 3 DR.

With a total cut of \$926 000, the new 92-93 Arts delivers less class-space, dramatic overcrowding, the elimination of 45 course selections and to top it off an unspecified number of sessional instructors will be singing for pennies in the streets this fall.

-\$926,000



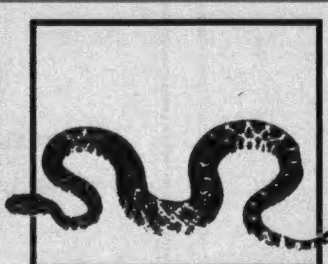
University of Alberta's #1 Cuts Team... People You Can Count On To Screw You



PAUL BUNYANPORT,
Chief CutsManager



JEAN "TEX" VASVAS,
Our #1 Repo Man



MARK DOMECHILD,
Resident Stoooge



RAUNCHY BUSKINOLD,
Stoooge-in-Training



STAMMER MILITANT,
Chèrman du Bored

THIS WEEKEND WE ARE CLOSING OUR DOORS FOR TWO DAYS
ONLY TO OPEN MONDAY FOR THE WACKIEST BUDGET CUTS

YOU'VE EVER SEEN-ANYWHERE!!!*

OLDER MODEL RETIRED PROFESSORS FREE WITH EVERY REGIS-
TRATION! JUST TO GET THEM OFF OUR HANDS!!

COURSES PRICED SO LOW WE'RE PRACTICALLY GIVING THEM AWAY!

DEPARTMENTS REDUCED UP TO 75%
*U.S.T. NOT INCLUDED



PAUL'S CREDO

"Enroll at the U of A and I
will bite the head off a rat.
Isn't that right Tex?"
"That's right Paul!"

* Offers are mutually exclusive to the poor sap tax-paying students, professors and support workers of the University of Alberta. Degrees, benefits, research grants etc do not include 7% G.S.T. Open September through April with special summer hours between May and August. Any support fees we may sneak in are the exclusive right of the Board of Governors and the University Administration to gouge your pocket books and eyes into rimless submission. And overflowing classes, less research etc — we planned it all! And if you little whiners think we're taking advantage of the poor and destitute, well fuck you! We've worked hard to get where we are, even Jean Vasvas has kissed some pretty leathery asses to get his esteemed portfolio and while we're at it, consider this...this place would be much better off if you stayed away. I mean just the other day I ran over this first year who jumped in front of my car...the little shit denied my car and caused \$500 damage to it and you want ME to pity YOU! Forget it...and my daughter, you scum vermin had better leave her alone or there's gonna be hell to pay...

"ALL YOU HAVE
DO IS REGISTER"

CUTSTOWN

CALL CRAZY PAUL'S HOTLINE TO REGISTER TODAY AT 492-3212